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Saturday April 10th 1915

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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WE celebrate this year something more significant than the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. We celebrate the wiping out of a terrible possibility—the erection of a national frontier through the heart of this country. It is the anniversary of an escape. Had the North failed, we now might well be living on a continent divided into armed camps, separated by bristling boundaries, across which angry cultures and petty nationalisms could hurl defiances at each other. We have escaped that. On a territory vaster than that of Europe, with resources as varied and with people of the same stocks, we have organized an internal peace. We have quarrelled, we shall quarrel. But we shall not fight. We have solved these questions of access to the sea, of strategic frontiers, of churches and of races. No doubt fortune has been uncommonly good to us, and by the standards of what was possible we have no ground whatever for complacency. Amidst overflowing plenty we have permitted hideous poverty and absurd riches to live side by side; we have indulged in a scramble have had little prevision—our soil, our forests, our mines and our human stock have been ruthlessly exploited. But we have organized a peace in which better things can be made to grow; we have federated states and nationalities on a scale never before successfully attempted; we have established more liberty and more opportunity than ever existed on so great a section of the earth's surface. If there is an American tradition, that is what it is.

MR. ELIHU ROOT is to-day the unquestioned leader of American conservatism. Upon him have been focused the hopes of all those who desire reaction with respectability, as little change as possible with as much decency as possible. There is indeed at this moment nothing more significant in American life than the increasing exaltation of Mr. Root. He is the guide and philosopher of the resurrected but not regenerated Republican party, the party which is aggressively confident to-day that it can win in 1916 without even making a pretense of progressivism. This party under the guidance of Mr. Root is now engaged in framing a constitution for New York State. What can we learn of its temper and its intentions? From Mr. Root's keynote speech it is clear that intelligent conservatives are interested in the improvement of governmental machinery. On this point Mr. Root was precise and eloquent. He spoke out of his vast experience as an administrator, and he is perhaps the greatest of our time. "Responsibility without power can never be justly enforced, and power without responsibility can never be duly controlled." Then having spoken of the things which he is so admirably fitted to discuss, Mr. Root took refuge in metaphysics. The portion of his address which might plausibly have been expected to deal with questions of social legislation and property rights was devoted to a rediscovery of the Declaration of Independence, and a number of references to "rights" and "right-

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vention may do is "to secure the equal rights of every one of the 10,000,000 people of the State of New York," we are sorely puzzled. That sentence might have been uttered by a Jacobin leader in the time of the French Revolution. It might be uttered by a socialist to-day. In both cases it would mean a great deal. But from the lips of the great apostle of American conservatism it has a strange sound. Equal rights for everyone! Is there to be no more inheritance, are slums to be abolished, are all children to be given a university education, or are we to understand by equal rights those equalities which Anatole France describes: the equal right of rich and poor to starve, to sleep in the park, and to bargain with each other? The Convention if it is to proceed intelligently ought to clear up its mind on some of these points.

MR. WILLIAM BARNES made a speech the other day to the Albany business men which the newspapers treated as a kind of unofficial "keynote" pronunciation on the work of the New York State Constitutional Convention. It is to be hoped for the sake of the Convention's intelligence that Mr. Barnes was speaking only for himself. For the quality of his thought was very Barnes-like. In referring to the workmen's compensation amendment which passed by a vote of five to two, Mr. Barnes said: "Thus the people of the state have already established one exception to the general rule that a man's property cannot be taken by the legislature . . . they voted that it should be so taken away in the case of an injured employee." Mr. Barnes is appealing, we understand, to the solid conservative thought of the state. Why then does he talk about "one exception to the general rule"? After decades of factory laws, tenement house laws, public service regulation, after hundreds of limitations have been put upon the unrestricted control of property, what is the sense of pretending that the workmen's compensation act is some strange product of the new terror? The people who talk hysterically about not taking property away by legislation ought for once to analyze the meaning of the word property. They think of property as something they either possess or do not possess. As a matter of fact, property is little more than a name for a bundle of rights. Those rights are increased or decreased constantly by legislation. The right to run railroads, for example, has long since been immensely qualified; the right to use property for disorderly purposes is forbidden by law. Every one of these acts is the taking of property by the state. Indeed, the thing which men like Mr. Barnes call revolutionary attack on knowledge now in its possession, the public can-to meet new conditions. Conservatives wish to proceed only when they have to; progressives wish to proceed as fast as public opinion will sanction. Fast or slow, the reorganization is bound to go on.

FROM Madison, Wis., a correspondent has been sending the New York *Evening Post* a very useful account of the trouble the Republican administration is making for the University of Wisconsin. This correspondent says Governor Philipp draws a distinction between "teaching" and "endorsing" un-American theories. It is a suggestive distinction. It raises questions. Who is to decide whether a theory is un-American? The voters of Wisconsin by referendum, or the Governor after talking to his friends? Who is to draw the line between teaching and endorsing? Will a professor who disagrees with Governor Philipp, and who formulates his disagreement and his reasons in a course of lectures, be able to take the curse off his teaching by remarking, at the end of his concluding lecture, "Please remember that I endorse nothing I have taught in this course"? In addition to raising questions, the Governor has the merit of answering the most important one. Let the distinction dictate university policy, and before many years all courageous teachers who happen to differ from the political leaders of the party in power will have left the university. Timid heretics will remain. So will such of the courageous orthodox as don't care a rap about academic freedom.

THE newspapers this week carried an impressive appeal from the editors of the foreign-language press asking manufacturers and workmen to stop supplying arms to the European nations. The appeal, printed as a full-page advertisement, is a noteworthy document, saturated with the romance of our population. French, Italian, Greek, Mexican, Chinese, Scandinavian, Magyar, Lithuanian, Yiddish, Croatian, Polish, Servian, almost every stock represented in the country seems to join in the appeal. Nothing that has been published since the war began is more calculated to make people wonder whether the English-speaking press has truly represented the fulness of American opinion. It is true that such petitions are not produced without organization. It is true that the organization which got it up is not described, nor are the financial resources required for so great a publicity scheme adequately stated. It is significant that no German papers are represented on the list, which in itself suggests that the proceeding was perhaps a little too self-conscious. Yet with the

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varied that until there is other evidence submitted we shall have to assume that only a deep horror of war and of human slaughter could have united all these different men on one platform. They will have to be met by argument. And the argument, as we see it, is this: Granted that the making of money out of the sale of arms puts American pacificism into an uncomfortable dilemma, will an embargo on arms shorten the war? In our opinion it will simply prolong the war. The Allies alone are receiving arms from us. Does anyone suppose that Great Britain will give in because we refuse to supply her with weapons? With her great sea power she will fight on and on until she is ready to supply herself with the equipment she needs. She can stand a very long war, as long a war as is needed to enable her to build armament factories. Our refusal to follow what the law of nations so clearly sanctions, Great Britain will regard as an unfriendly act; we shall earn the enmity of the Allies. And even if it were desirable to end the fighting with Germany still in Belgium, we shall not be able to stop the war.

IN a tumult the Assembly of New York State passed a bill increasing the number of hours that women and minors may work in the canning industry. Members rushed frantically about for the last few votes, while others implored the clerk to delay announcing the result. In the uproar someone shouted, "Count Coffey in the affirmative," but Mr. Coffey declined to vote. Another Assemblyman was led to the desk, where he changed his vote from nay to aye. The bill was sent immediately to the Senate before it could be reconsidered. It is designed to supersede the law of 1913, passed after the New York Factory Investigating Commission had reported on the conditions of workers in the up-State canning factories. It is well to recall those conditions. Women worked in clattering rooms in which there were either no seats or only boxes and benches without backs. Floors were wet constantly where 19 per cent of them worked, making it impossible to keep the feet dry. In the rush season three canneries worked women more than one hundred hours in one week, seven more than ninety hours, and eleven more than eighty hours. On the longest day thirteen canneries employed women for eighteen hours or more. Fifty women selected at random were earning an average weekly wage of four dollars and fifty-three cents. "Most of the canners," said the Committee's report, "have openly violated the law, and make no efforts to conceal the fact. Some of them even boast that they are above the law and can never be convicted." These are the forces pass the Republican party's measure, and Assemblyman Bewly, who is in the canning business, is their prophet.

TO spectators, says the New York *World*, the Johnson-Willard fight "was more than a battle between prizefighters." It was "a struggle between white and black races." This feeling is shared by nearly everybody who takes an interest in pugilism, and by many who usually don't. Thousands who are otherwise of sound mind do feel that "the supremacy of Caucasian over African" has been proved at Havana, just as they felt, in 1910, that the supremacy of African over Caucasian was proved at Reno. What do they care when you remind them that if the Havana fight proves Caucasian supremacy it also proves that the Caucasian race is nine years younger than the African, five and a half inches taller, thirteen pounds heavier, measures one inch less round the biceps, half an inch more round the ankle, and wears the same No. 11 shoe? Race prejudice does not reason. The negroes were just as unreasonably cocky after Johnson knocked out Jefferies as the whites are now. The only difference is that the whites, being more numerous and oppressive, are able to display their unsportsmanlike prejudice more freely and disgustingly, and that if they weren't race-prejudiced, the negroes wouldn't be.

REPORTS of the Chicago election state that "in the poorer districts the women put the babies to sleep or left them in the care of a neighbor, and trudged to the polling-places." It is not stated what these women do with their babies when they trudge to the factory or to scrub somebody's floor.

ANY observant occupant of the White House soon discovers that the easier he is about appointments the more reasonable are senators and representatives about administration measures. Some poor appointments he must make, unless he wants his legislative program to fail. There need not be any explicit exchange of patronage for votes. There has been none under the present administration. It is an affair of atmosphere and mutual good will. Nobody knows, for example, what President Wilson's appointments to the census bureau have been worth in party harmony. President Wilson himself would not like to think of them as paid for in obedience at the Capitol. But in this coarse and grateful world there must be somebody who feels glad and kindly because President Wilson has twice failed to make a statistical expert director of the census. His first

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Georgia, during whose administration the bureau lost the high reputation it had gained and kept under William P. Merriam, S. D. N. North and E. Dana Durand. Now that Mr. Harris has become a member of the Federal Trade Commission, the President has given his old place to Mr. Samuel L. Rogers of North Carolina. Who is Mr. Rogers? He is a banker and a farmer, without the slightest experience in statistical research.

THE change from scientific to political management bears a more serious aspect in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Upon the output of this office mariners depend for their safety and geographers for their calculations. Otto H. Tittman, who was appointed by President McKinley to the commission which settled the Alaska boundary with Great Britain in 1899, is president of the National Geographical Society, and one of the leading geodesists of the world, has resigned the office of superintendent. In the record of Dr. Ernest Lester Jones, who leaves a deputy Fish Commissionership to succeed Mr. Tittman, there is nothing which would qualify him for superintendence of so technical a bureau as the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The policy of subordinating the nation's researches to such political appointments has not only diminished the value of government bureaus but is undermining the esprit de corps among scientists in the government service. The influence of administration by politicians has been felt in bureaus other than scientific. Charges of incompetence made by Vice-President Marshall and Senator Kern brought forth a refutation from a committee of subordinates in the income tax division of the internal revenue service of the Treasury Department, but a few weeks later twenty special agents were asked to resign. Democracy offers a peculiarly dangerous obstacle to science when it entrusts delicate and momentous work to hands that are not fitted to undertake it. Such a course is to deny to energy and imagination the privilege of spending themselves for the public good and stultification like this is too large a price to pay for Democratic party unity.

THE jitney, which was first a nickel and later a free-lance motor-bus, has now been promoted by the New York *Times* to the dignity of a menace. The *Times* can think of nothing more subversive than this "guerrilla of public service" which shamelessly takes your five cents and makes no return except to bump you through streets already overcrowded with means of transportation to the place where you think you want to go. We do not hold with those who claim that the *Times* is one of our readers. In justice to the press itself, we believe this to be a purely platonic affection. And isn't the paper right upon the jitney peril? Why squander a nickel in motoring when the same money invested in a subway ticket will give one contact with the great beating heart of humanity as well as much richer air?

HAD all the men in Chicago stayed away from the polls last Tuesday, the result of the mayoralty election would have been precisely the same. Looking solely to the result, the male vote was a meaningless duplication of the female vote. At less than half the cost, popular sentiment would have been just as accurately registered if the election had been left entirely to the women. It may be argued that the women simply echoed the men, that on the heels of every male voter trotted an enslaved woman, only too glad to do as she was told. But if this is the case it is an additional reason why men should give up the franchise altogether and retain simply the privilege of despatching to the polls these obedient copy-cats of male opinion. If the woman voter is really an automaton, she offers an excellent means for saving time, labor and money. Let man trust this faithful mechanism, so that he may have a holiday to go strolling in the park.

IT is only among those who take the archaic view of women that this idea of "duplication" arises. In point of fact, it is hardly surprising that current public opinion among women in Chicago should reveal the same inclination as current public opinion among men, in an election that sharpened no particular humanitarian or housekeeping issue. Perhaps this revives the notion in some minds that the male vote is, accordingly, sufficiently representative. But if suffrage assumes anything, it assumes that mature citizens, no matter how humble, possess the quality of free will, and that the only way to ascertain that will is to invite its personal expression. Seeing how men vote in the mass, not to speak of women, the wisdom of this assumption may be questioned. Yet it is only by adhering to this assumption that popular government can be justly effected. If the fact that women duplicate the male vote is admitted as an argument against the extended franchise, the fact that half the blue-eyed males undoubtedly duplicate the other half is an equally good argument against consulting all blue-eyed males. To gird against duplication is to gird against consulting the popular will as such.

A SLIGHTING reference to "the press-agent of the big corporations," made in another column of a recent issue, has provoked a sharp letter from

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should certainly be made between the notorious "gumshoe" variety of press-agent, familiar to all newspapers and magazines, and the straightforward procurer of publicity. Although it is quite possible for a big corporation to fill the space it buys in newspapers with the most insidious and dishonest special pleading, it is a decided advantage to the public to have that pleading stamped with its origin; and there is a great deal of publicity which it is extremely well for the corporations to give and the public to receive. No exception whatever should be taken to the straightforward publicity agent as such. But it seems scarcely likely that our correspondent wishes to stand sponsor for all press-agents. In Arcady, no doubt, big corporations have never hired ingenious gentlemen to conduct subtle press campaigns, to "mould" public opinion, or, in cruder language, to "poison the wells." But our correspondent may decipher differences between the United States and Arcady.

ONE who is interested in the workings of the mind of the *Realpolitiker* will find much of value in Ferrero's article on "Italy's Duty" in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. It is the plain duty of Italy, according to this eminent historian, to join forces with the Allies in order to wrest the Trentino and Istria from Austrian hands. But, alas, "it is not easy, in a few months, to invent a cause for war against Austria." Almost any cause would do in the eyes of the world—but the Italian people themselves are more exacting in their requirements. They are "averse to fighting, since they do not understand—no one having explained the matter to them—the profound historic and national reasons which justify the war in the eyes of the cultivated classes." Ferrero dwells with envy upon the superior position of France, where an incessant propaganda for the *revanche* has kept the uncultivated classes alive to the desirability of fighting. The Italian government, as the price of admission to the Triple Alliance, had to engage to suppress irredentism, and *mirabile dictu*, it seems to have lived up to the engagement in good faith. As a consequence the average Italian does not care a fig whether the language of Istria is Italian or Slavic. It is extremely difficult to persuade the masses "so large, so ignorant, so naturally inclined to the convenience of peace . . . that Italy ought to consummate her national unity even by war," but Ferrero has not yet given up hope that the thing can be done. What impresses the reader most in the article is the tacit assumption that the nationality movement, for which so much blood has been spilled in the last century, is essentially a product of the conscious action of the cultivated classes,

Are American Protests Vain?

BEHIND the diplomatic correspondence between Great Britain and the United States there are certain realities which it is important to keep in mind. Great Britain will be polite, will administer the blockade as leniently as possible, will treat us with great consideration; but on no essential point will she yield. The United States will be firm, good-tempered, and insistent, but on no point will it force the issue. Great Britain has sea power and will use it; we have the power of economic reprisal, but we shall not use it.

The British Orders in Council will be made effective. This fact will probably prevent any serious practical issue from arising, for it should be remembered that with the serious lack in tonnage for the Atlantic carrying trade, ship-owners are not likely to risk seizure or detention when freights regarding which there can be no question are plentiful, and the profits of uninterrupted operation of their vessels assured. The forces demanding a vigorous test of the British action are therefore not likely to be very great. American exporters and importers will undoubtedly suffer, but the compensation which England will pay them, and the gentle way in which the order of blockade will be administered, will allay much friction.

Why then should we be sending notes to England? Is it dignified to continue sending diplomatic documents when we all know that the British position will be maintained? Ought we not to grow quite cynical, admit that international law is non-existent, and grant that the German invasion of Belgium and her submarine policy of "frightfulness" have given Great Britain the right to disregard "judicial niceties?" This certainly is the feeling of a large body of American opinion. But clearly it cannot become the official position of the American government. It is the duty of a neutral to maintain its neutrality. If we submitted without protest, Germany would be justified in saying that we had become silent partners of the Entente. Moreover, if we made no objection to the violation of international law, we should simply be submitting to chaos. We should be giving British sea power a blank check upon the future, abandoning what standing we may have in the settlement of the war. We should be sacrificing any relationship with Germany, and alienating still more deeply the Americans of German stock.

This diplomatic correspondence is really our brief before the council of nations. It is our effort to keep alive the continuity of international law. We all know that no precedent has been disregarded. We all know that when the war is over

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the whole body of international law. But archaic and meaningless as is now the law of the text-books, the mere assertion of national power is not the way to amend it. And it is important that the United States as the greatest neutral power should enter the settlement of the war with a record that is technically clear. It is the only way we have of showing that we are not satisfied to live in a world where power is the sole arbiter.

This duty to the future is greater than our immediate partisan sympathies. The word neutral is rather a frigid word, but it ought not to be. The interests of neutrals are the interests of peace; they are the normal interests of mankind. These are the interests which must outweigh the passionate feeling that one side or the other ought to win this war. If we are to contribute anything to the future, it should be that the public law of the world shall be made in the interests of peace rather than in the interests of the war.

This is why we ought to support the President in his argument with Great Britain, even though, because we intend to use no weapon but persuasion, that argument can have no immediate effect.

The Professional Lowbrow

THE professional lowbrow is a man bent at all costs on preserving what he regards as the masculine integrity of his character. He has a feeling that if he yields once, nothing can save him. Let him enjoy "Tristan" with the other highbrows, or reflect upon the quality of his own soul, and before long he will be wearing a wrist-watch, spats and a monocle, gazing devotedly upon blue china and carrying lilies as he strolls down Piccadilly. His humor is too biting for such a calamity. How would he explain himself to his friends if he picked wild flowers in a derby hat, or read George Meredith on the train to Newark?

These fears haunt the deliberate lowbrow. He is afraid of an endless number of things; afraid to be distinctive and therefore lonely, afraid above all of his appreciations. In his likes and dislikes he takes no chances. Gibson girls, Christy girls, Flagg girls, fireworks, sunsets, high mountains, the Venus de Milo, Murillo's Immaculate Conception, are safe for him. They may be admired without risk. The Mona Lisa is slightly affected but permissible. Cathedrals are on the white list. Venice is possible, if adjectives are spared. There are no objections to Napoleon's tomb, or to the Eiffel Tower; European back alleys and the cult of the dirty picturesque may be indulged in at loose

But all these pleasures must be carefully qualified. For one thing, they are not to be talked about too much. They must be taken in silent gulps, if possible accompanied by a slightly self-conscious and deprecating remark which seems to say: "Of course, I'm not taken in by all this beauty stuff and soul stuff, whatever that may mean. I'm a regular fellow."

But as a matter of fact the deliberate lowbrow is not a regular fellow. He wears a self-distorting pose. His careful, artificial avoidance of subtlety and distinction is worlds away from the genuine naïveté of simpler people. The slang which is their speech is his affectation. Their whole-hearted pleasures are to him a ritual of city life. He uses his shrewd intelligence to protect himself from complex ideas and careful discriminations. He is at bottom a shirk, afraid of intellectual difficulties, too timid not to be part of a crowd. He is the sycophant of democracy, its fawning, flattering spiritual demagogue.

He rationalizes his attitude and names it democratic. He calls it giving the people what they want, talking to them in the language they understand. What he never seems to realize is the insulting condescension this implies. He says virtually that the people are fools, and that the clever men who write for them must use their ability in the pretence that they are foolish too. Anything else is aristocratic, highbrow, superior. To be one of the people, for the deliberate lowbrow, is not to be sincerely himself, to understand as much as he can, to enlarge his sympathies till they include the enduring pleasures. It is to be conscious that he is different, and then to cover up the differences. It is to use intelligence to mask itself, to make a cult of what to genuine people is reality.

There is no disgrace in ignorance and vulgarity, but the cult of them is surely the most absurd of all the modern cults, more absurd than velvet knee-breeches and sunflowers, as absurd as those ladies of Louis XVI's court who played at being peasants in the palace gardens at Versailles. For what the deliberate lowbrow does is to standardize the tastes that happen to have appeared in the modern American city. He has begun to operate at a time when men have emerged into a strange machine civilization, infinitely more extended than any they have ever known. We do not understand this civilization, we are not at home in it, we have not learned as yet to impress it with that humane beauty that grows from long association and warm intimacy. Human lives have had no time to rub off its hard edges; the weather has not seasoned its brittle finish. We came up through

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soil. We rub in constant irritation against the environment for which we are unready, and from that friction there are thrown off fragments, fads, fancies—awkward, ephemeral, unsuccessful attempts to adjust ourselves truly.

We try new religions, dance madly for a season or two, watch baseball instead of playing it, expect the rich to furnish us with intrigue and excitement, study the human anatomy at the Winter Garden, clutter shops and devastate industry by the most fickle and expensive fashions. Upon this quality of our lives the deliberate lowbrow makes his stand. This helterskelter he mistakes for humanity and democracy, good red blood and being a regular fellow. He imagines that the overtones of Broadway, the tingle of the lobster press, are the genuine life of humanity.

The Landslide into Collectivism

TO the editor or politician who regards widows' pensions as socialism, Europe in these days must be a strange spectacle. What they have been accustomed to describe as the wildest theories of the most scatterbrained visionaries, the conservative empires of Europe are adopting in great, swift gulps. The railroads of England were nationalized almost literally overnight. From competing systems controlled by financial directors they were transformed into one organization run by salaried managers. There was neither objection nor applause; the thing was done. Plans which have been the dim hope of English socialists for a generation were seized upon and applied, and men like Mr. Lloyd George, who before the war had been the lowest of the low, were challenged by the Tory press to keep up the good work. Only the other day the leading Conservative papers fell upon Mr. Asquith and wanted to know why he had not done more to mobilize the economic resources of the nation. In this country we find the very people who tremble like an aspen leaf at the Trade Commission marvelling at the collective efficiency of Germany. And in papers which we are accustomed to regard as the sworn enemies of extended governmental power, sympathy for the Allies has grown so that the great fear seems to be not that there will be too much collectivism in England and France, but that there will be too little.

If radical democrats were concerned merely in scoring debating points, they could afford to sit back and chuckle. They could say: "You see, we're not the illimitable fools you thought we were. The moment a real crisis arises and you perficial observers the nation looks like one people think the nation is in danger, you ab- th

us as sacred. In time of peace it was prophesied that each one of these steps was about to precipitate the deluge; in time of war all this collectivism is regarded as the salvation of your country. Where are the dogmas of profit and competition now? Why, if private enterprise conducted for profit is the way to insure prosperity, are you rushing as fast as you can to eliminate from your basic industries the motive of profit and the method of competition? If governments are as incompetent as you say they are, why do you trust them alone at an emergency? What has happened to these inexorable laws upon whose altars we have sacrificed so much?"

These questions can be answered, and in the answer is to be found what is perhaps the more important lesson of this sudden rush towards state socialism. The nations are in a crisis. Each of them has a single aim—to increase its fighting power. All other values are forgotten, or they are subordinated to this one supreme purpose. So a German may be as religious as he pleases, but his religion must increase his value for war. He may love his family, but his love must make him ready to die for it. He may believe in a world state and the brotherhood of man; that belief must become an added reason for winning the war. All this has been held up to us for admiration as the kind of solidarity which war produces. It is a solidarity based on a single, simple and obvious purpose. In time of war nations know exactly what they want to do; it is perhaps the only time when it is accurate to speak of a national purpose. They want to beat the armed forces of the enemy. And there is no picking of wild flowers by the wayside. The research laboratories become hospitals, the mathematicians become clerks, the artists go to the trenches or turn press-agents, the philosophers devote themselves to showing how reasonable it is to hope for victory.

In the same spirit factories are commandeered, the streets are darkened, the press is muzzled, drinking prohibited, and labor in important industries turned into what is practically an industrial army under military rule. Nor are the so-called psychological factors forgotten. For the supreme purpose of war the whole people must be kept in good spirits; but hardship and starvation produce discontent, and discontent is very bad for the military morale. There is consequently a vast increase of social relief, and with it a certain breakdown of class barriers. The barriers remain, there are still rich and poor, but the one supreme purpose closes up the ranks for the time being, and to su-

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the appearance of harmony. Everybody seems to be saying the same things and thinking the same thoughts. Enormous sacrifices are made for unselfish purposes. Men live and die for something beyond their immediate lives. They become obedient, loyal, hard-working, brave; and superficially this seems like a glorious change. Men begin to say that, after all, war has its moral values. They are able to say this more easily because, though war shatters many theories like *laissez-faire,* it places undisputed power in the hands of the ruling castes. War increases greatly the prestige of churchmen, officials, aristocrats, and financiers. Being the organized portion of communities, they are most ready to command, and in time of danger people wish to be commanded.

Now collectivism introduced by command is a very different thing from the collectivism of a radical democracy. In peace there is no supreme national purpose. There are many purposes, but none that is really powerful enough to dominate all others. Men will die for their country who in time of peace shirk jury duty. It is as if danger simplified the human organism, as if all interests and habits suddenly focussed in a single purpose.

The democrat watching the spectacle says: "No, thank you. If this is what a national purpose means, if this is solidarity, give us again the old chaos and the old diversity. The collectivism we are seeking cannot be imposed with an iron fist and run by martial law. It must be the product of our effort. It must be made by experiment, by argument, demonstration; it must be the work of a people that is training itself in cooperation. Europe may be creating a magnificent machine, but it is not creating a people ready to operate it."

That is why far-seeing social democrats are not anxious to stampede governments into vast and intricate collectivist programs. They are afraid that too much governmental machinery without a people educated to control it will mean the rule of an official caste. They are friendly to collectivism. They think the fuss about the minimum wage or national railroads a typical conservative panic. They would say that in this United States, for example, a great deal more collectivism is needed. They are ready to tax incomes and inheritances and special privileges in order to pay for the collectivism which is needed. They are looking frankly in that direction. But no great reform, they insist, is really valuable unless it is carried out under the control of public opinion. This European collectivism is an expression of autocracy. It has the form of socialism without any of its reality. It is imposed from above. It is the pose. It is as different as night and day from the collectivism established in stages by a free people. The solidarity of war is the worst of all solidarities; it is the solidarity of the uniform, and not the cooperation of life's variety for a varied happiness.

Federal Use of the Unemployed

IT cannot be believed that our national authorities are unaware of the fact that we are suffering under the most severe unemployment crisis since the early 'nineties. Nor can it be believed that they are unaware of the far-reaching consequences of such a crisis. The most precious economic assets of the nation are the technical skill and the habits of industry of the working population; and these are also the assets most subject to deterioration under non-use. Out of the multitudes of willing workers now tramping the streets a considerable percentage will lose all capacity for steady labor, and will be numbered among the chronically work-shy. The crisis of 1893 left us with a legacy of unemployables vestiges of which were abundantly in evidence ten years later. A decade hence the municipal wood-yards and lodging houses will still be occupied with the futile endeavor to salvage human wreckage dating from the year 1915.

All this our national authorities must know. They are certainly not devoid of public spirit and private conscience; accordingly we must assume that they believe that nothing can be done about it. The crisis was produced by forces over which they had no control; it will pass when those forces cease to operate. Our cotton will not sell until normal conditions are restored in Europe; the return of our securities will continue to embarrass our finance so long as the war lasts. All we can do is to hope that the war will be over at an early date. With some such incantation, we must suppose, our national authorities wash their hands of our industrial distress.

One fact is elementary: there is plenty of work to be done in the United States to keep every able-bodied man fully occupied. The necessities of life are at hand in adequate supply to pay every worker full wages. If we are to suffer under a protracted unemployment crisis, we must ascribe the fact to our failure to make the proper mechanical readjustment to a new situation. We cannot employ so much labor as formerly in production for foreign markets. But we have hundreds of thousands of acres of arid lands that we could put under irrigation to the great increase of our wealth; vast areas in mountain slopes that it would pay to afforest; swamp lands to drain,

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from the ranks of the unemployed and set at work of this character. It is not to be forgotten that employment creates employment. Such an accession to the number of men earning wages would involve an increase in demand for the products of a multitude of other industries now languishing.

Further, there is no valid reason why industries producing imperishable goods should not be accumulating stores against future demands. There are thousands of employers who are working up products that cannot be sold for a year or more; other thousands would do the same if they felt themselves strong enough financially to tie up funds in this way. It is absurd that our coal mines should be operating on less than half time, our enameled-ware and tin-ware industries closing down. We ought to be operating these and a great number of other industries under full pressure. Here again employment would create employment. The industries yielding products not capable of accumulation would receive an impetus from the purchases made by laborers.

No one would deny that it is entirely within the power of the federal government to set on foot, and at once, large reclamation enterprises. Materials are cheaper than they have been in a decade, and the country is full of competent engineers out of employment as a result of the stoppage of development work the world over. There are sufficient idle funds in the country to insure the success of a large government loan for this purpose. Congress might be unwilling to grant such a loan; but if the administration were to support the project with the same energy with which it supported the Ship Purchase bill, it can hardly be supposed that Congressional opposition would prove a serious obstacle. The Ship Purchase bill represented a far wider departure from Democratic tradition; it created a risk of involving the United States in foreign complications; it promised no absolute increase in the volume of ocean shipping, but merely offered a possibility of holding at a low level freight rates for limited shipments of goods. Yet President Wilson almost succeeded in forcing the passage of the bill.

It may not at first sight appear that the federal government has the power to encourage the working-up of products for future market demands. One thing that stands in the way of such production is the reluctance of manufacturers and jobbers to tie up funds in this way. Such stocks would have to be carried, for the most part, through short term bank loans, and in view of the possibility of a banking crisis and consequent calling in of loans, the accumulation of stocks is attended could do much to provide certain and adequate credit to manufacturers and jobbers whose business policy helped to mitigate the evils of unemployment. It is not unthinkable that the government might even assume a part of the risks attendant upon the carrying of stocks. Suppose that the government were in the end to lose a few millions—the unemployed are losing four or five millions in wages every day.

If we were proposing to raise money through loans to support workers in idleness, or to execute public works of merely nominal social and economic value, we might be accused of seeking to sacrifice future national interests to the relief of present distress. What is proposed, however, is to enrich the future through the transmuting of waste labor into permanent improvements and valuable stocks, instead of impoverishing it with an army of unemployables. The only real obstacle to effective action of the character indicated is a short-sighted reluctance on the part of the government to increase the national debt in time of peace, and to assume even a small part of the risks involved in supporting the efforts of private employers to keep their works open.

It was the distress of the early nineties that laid the basis of the present Democratic power. From that distress arose Populism, Democratic radicalism, and Progressivism, without which Woodrow Wilson and his followers would not now be in control of the government. The distress of the present time is certain to produce political results. If the Administration seizes what is in fact a most magnificent opportunity, and proves its capacity to deal effectively with a great national emergency, it will be long before the Democrats again become a chronically minority party. It is not yet too late for action, but the time is almost spent.

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Spanish Opinion on the War

THE sympathies of Spanish people in the present war are determined by the color of their home politics: clericals and conservatives are pro-German, liberals and revolutionists are pro-French. Special incidents like the invasion of Belgium, or moral considerations as to who may have been guilty of breaking the peace, do not count for much with either party. The great line of cleavage which in all Latin countries cuts national life in two also creates divergent sympathies in international affairs, and quite justly, since it separates two opposite moral judgments passed on all European history and two contrary philosophies of life. Within each great party there are many groups, advocating some compromise, delay, or accommodation in practical politics, yet the two ultimate ideals are clear and conscious throughout. The liberals wish to reorganize Christian society on a pagan basis. The conservatives wish to prevent that reorganization and to restore, in a modern form, the old moral integrity of Christian nations. It is in obedience to these opposed ideals that they take opposite sides in the present war.

Moderate Spanish liberals see in England the mother of parliaments, the home of free trade and of religious toleration. Advanced liberals see in France the leader in revolutionary enlightenment and moral freedom. They heartily love all that republican France represents: democracy, non-religious government and education, fearless experiment in art, frank passions and pleasures, untrammeled intelligence, personal security and comfort. That place in the sun which Germany wants for herself collectively, every Latin by instinct claims for himself individually; and he would know how to fill it, being well versed in basking. Odious to such a temperament must be the heavy mind of the Teutons, their pedantry and meddlesomeness, their sentimental idealism, their emphatic pathos, their grotesque taste, all their pompous, pedagogic, arrogant, clumsy ways. The happy natural pagan does not need so much apparatus; it would crush his genius. For the sake of plain truth and liberty, as he thinks, he has given up his Catholic faith, which at least was wise and beautiful in its way; he cannot wish to see the world duped afresh, and himself browbeaten, by a primitive tribal fanaticism. He loves his ease, and he feels that the victory of Germany would increase everywhere that irrational tension from which he suffers, but the pressure on everybody of aimless tasks and struggles, the foolish romantic will making so many damnable faces and arousing so many damnable passions. He knows better how to live.

Spanish clericals and conservatives, on the other hand, feel drawn both by tradition and principle to a Germany which they see so strongly and superbly governed, and allied with Austria, a monarchy closely associated with the great memories of Spain. Even more emphatically they detest the France of Renan, Gambetta, and Combes, of Dreyfus and Madame Caillaux, and every day for years they have been prophesying its ruin. They also heartily dislike England, long the champion of Protestantism and vilifier of Spain; England who holds Gibraltar, a thorn in the Spanish side, and who during the Cuban war smiled on the United States, while Germany frowned and even slightly rattled the sabre. Not that Spaniards were ever deceived by that demonstration; they knew that Germany disliked to see any more places in the sun passing from weak hands into hands from which it might prove more difficult to snatch them. Yet even that interested and ineffectual show of sympathy left a pleasing impression.

It might seem that the intervention of Belgium, the only country long and successfully governed by the clerical party, and of Russia, the symbol of autocracy, might cut across and confuse these sympathies; but such is not the case. Spanish Catholics say they are sorry for Belgium, but at heart they do not forgive her for having thrown in her lot with atheistical France. They remember too that this is not the first war of "frightfulness" ever waged in Flanders, and who it was that waged it there of old. They suspect that the Belgians also have not forgotten it; for their government, though Catholic, allowed a statue of Ferrer to be set up in Brussels, which the Protestant Kaiser has had decently removed. The clericals can even find a fundamental similarity between the historic task which Germany has now undertaken and that which Spain performed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with some temporary success, though at the price of her utter ruin, the task of sternly defending and imposing an orthodox *Kultur,* and stemming a rising tide of individualism and licence.

As for holy Russia, her religiosity combined

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ticularly in that Polish borderland where religious persecution is already afoot and where Russia would like to annex some Catholic provinces. So also in the East, where even now the Greeks have the first place, and the Latins, in spite of the crusades, are relegated to a corner. As to Russian autocracy, it does not represent, as German autocracy does, the sort of government that conservative Spaniards would wish to see dominant in their own country. In fact, absolutism in Russia is a fatal historical accident, like the oligarchy of generals, ministers, and ex-ministers that governs Spain itself. Beneath that accidental system it is easy to feel the emotional, fraternal, spontaneous life of the Russian people—something which savors of anarchy and wild aspiration rather than of principles of restraint and authority, eternal and deeply ingrained, such as Spanish conservatives would admire. Russia accordingly finds no sympathy among them, and Belgium but little, and that little sour.

If we ask which of the two great parties in Spain has the larger following, it is hard to give a decided answer. Many a mind is divided against itself; it is a question of tradition and principle against instinct and hope. By instinct all Mediterranean peoples are republican and pagan, not having changed much since antiquity. In Spanish towns the laboring classes, and the talking and bustling public that sits in cafés and reads the newspapers, are revolutionary in tendency; so that if we counted heads, excluding the passive and illiterate peasantry, the liberal and therefore the pro-French camp would probably hold the large majority. The conservative wing, however, has compensating elements of strength in the support of the clergy, the passionate allegiance of most of the women, and that high-principled, austere, believing minority of the upper classes which feels itself to be the healthy part of the nation, and certainly is alone in maintaining the traditional Castilian virtues. If we take Spain not as the collection of individuals now alive in the peninsula, but as an historical power and personality, there is no doubt that her heart must be with Germany in this war. The friends of the Allies need not grudge traditional Spain this romantic affinity. She is quixotic, and seldom, even in her sympathies, on the winning side.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Socializing England

WHETHER or not it be true that self-confidence is the keynote of British character, the supreme confidence of the British public to-day is as impressive as it is indisputable. The visitor asks by what miracle this confidence has been created and maintained. Imagine, if you will, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Kitchener and Mr. Winston Churchill —watching what might be termed a sort of parliamentary "test-tube," in which they place legislative chemicals by whose reaction they are enabled to conduct "business as usual." Their analyses have been surprisingly accurate, their addition of this or that ingredient remarkably efficacious. The contents of the test-tube boil and will continue to boil until the war is over. One wonders what the ultimate precipitate will be.

We in this country are sometimes inclined to carp at the more stolid Englishman. But it has been a fortunate thing for the British Empire that the men charged with the direction of affairs at the outbreak of the war did not let their imagination run away with their common sense. Instead of losing their bearings in attempting to anticipate all the possibilities with which the situation was country, to take their jobs in their stride and to deal with each difficulty as it arose.

London is the credit center of the world. The trade of the British Empire—and a great proportion of the foreign trade of other nations in so far as trade consists in the exchange of produce—has been financed for years in the London discount market. Development work in the United States, South America, the British colonies, in Japan and China, in Russia, and even in Germany, has been made possible by the sale of securities on the London Stock Exchange. When war broke out, therefore, aside from meeting the necessities of the military situation, the most imperative task was to preserve this financial structure.

The London Stock Exchange having been closed on July thirty-first to prevent a further collapse of already disorganized prices and to protect loans against Stock Exchange collateral, a proclamation was issued on August second providing for the postponement of payment of bills of exchange. This greeted the men coming to their offices on Monday morning, August third. It was legalized by the Postponement of Payments act which was passed in Parliament the same day.

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pose of the bills in their portfolios and, because of the closing of the Stock Exchange, prevented from realizing thereon by the sale of collateral, were embarrassed in meeting the usual summer and bank holiday demand for currency. By the Currency and Bank Notes act of August sixth Parliament empowered the Treasury to issue notes which were at once available to the banks under certain conditions, and authorized the suspension of the Bank act if this should be found necessary.

These two laws formed the legal basis for various proclamations which followed. They were admirably adapted to deal with the crisis, for they were couched in general terms, thus permitting great elasticity in the Orders in Council it might be necessary to issue. The Courts Emergency Powers act passed on August thirty-first prevented prosecution for failure to meet engagements because of the moratorium.

This legal basis established, a general moratorium was declared and extended. Arrangements were made by the Treasury with the Bank of England whereby the latter first agreed to discount bills of exchange accepted prior to August fourth without recourse to holders, and later signified its willingness to loan funds to acceptors in order to enable them to meet pre-moratorium bills at maturity, thereby relieving the endorsers. In order to keep the foreign exchanges moving, moreover, the Bank of England and the Joint Stock banks agreed to loan funds to meet new acceptances at maturity where acceptors were unable to obtain funds from their clients. Thus both importers and exporters were enabled to draw, and accepting houses to accept, and the financial facilities were afforded without which British foreign trade would have suffered severely.

Many British exporters, moreover, found themselves unable to collect debts due them from abroad. To enable them to secure funds for the conduct of their business a committee, composed of representatives of the Treasury, the Bank of England and the Association of Chambers of Commerce, was appointed with power to authorize an applicant's banker to accept six-months' bills drawn by traders and certified by the committee.

In January it was determined to open the Stock Exchange, and the Bank of England—again with the Government's guarantee—announced its willingness to advance funds to lenders on Stock Exchange collateral other than the banks who were relieved by the issue of new currency. Precautions were taken by the Treasury for the fixing of minimum prices and the registration of Stock Exchange transactions, in order to prevent, if possible, the sale in London of securities which had been held short-term bills and the great war loan, made special provision that these securities should be received by the Bank of England as collateral for borrowings by the public.

Having by these various measures protected the banks, kept the foreign exchanges moving and resuscitated and facilitated the continuance of domestic and foreign trade, the next step of the Government was to conserve the nation's financial resources to meet the requirements of the war. In the middle of January the Treasury announced that no new foreign issues might be made without the authorization of the Government. This action was followed by the meeting of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the French and Russian Ministers of Finance. By these conferences an agreement was reached regarding measures to be adopted by the three great Allied governments in financing their own requirements and those of Belgium and Servia, and other governments the satisfaction of whose needs might serve the Allied cause.

The question of foreign exchange had been troublesome. At the outbreak of the war the demand for bills on London had been so great that exchange was practically unobtainable, whilst the dislocation of shipping incident to the outbreak of the war, and the dangers of ocean transport had made the shipment of gold impracticable. In order to maintain the equilibrium of exchange the Bank of England received gold payments in Ottawa, South Africa and India. Negotiations were undertaken by officials of the British Treasury with our own department in Washington and with a committee of American bankers for the settlement of our indebtedness in London, and American banks, having first formed a syndicate to meet New York City notes falling due, organized a pool of $110,000,000 for the purpose of liquidating their obligations in gold if necessary. Within the next few months, however, the situation rapidly altered, until to-day the problem which existed last November has been reversed, and London is heavily in debt to the United States because of the large importations of material and munitions of war from America. This equilibrium will doubtless be restored either by the sale to us of American securities held in Europe, or by other means which the bankers may devise.

These financial problems having been solved, the attention of the Government has been turned to industry. Under the Defense of the Realm act the Government is authorized to assume control of manufacturing plants engaged in Government work. These powers have recently been extended to enable the Government to take over any plant which might be utilized for the manufacture of

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the proprietor against suits for non-fulfillment of uncompleted contracts.

The Board of Trade has also requested women to register for war service, in order that they may, in certain industries and occupations, replace men required for the front or needed in industries subjected to extraordinary pressure by the war.

There has been friction with the labor unions, whose regulations have tended to prevent members from working at the pace or performing the services at present required. The men have felt apparently that while they might be receiving extra pay for overtime work, their employers were reaping enormous profits by the manufacture of war material. Labor has demanded that it should participate in these extraordinary gains. Assurances have been recently given by Lord Kitchener in a speech in the House of Lords, and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in conferences with the labor leaders, that measures will be adopted to secure for the men a share in the profits made by employers over and above the normal returns received before the war.

There are many in England who stand aghast at the program which the Government has followed, the obligations which it has assumed under the guarantees for bills of exchange and for loans against Stock Exchange collateral. Unprecedented Government control of finance of railway and steamship lines has been followed by increasing Government control of industry to an extent that ten months ago would have been considered revolutionary. Prohibition in absolute or modified form is now agitating the country. The measures which have been taken, radical though they may seem, cannot be considered as "bolts from the blue," for they have been but the logical sequence, the application to fresh needs, of the principle which found expression in the National Insurance act and the plan for old age pensions. By many they will doubtless be considered socialistic. Although this word has many meanings, it is not in its generally accepted sense applicable. Yet the Government by assuming these additional functions has unquestionably become more socialized in that the whole nation, through the Government as its agency, is constantly finding fresh means in which it may cooperate for the common end.

In the United States we who have watched the war have been chiefly concerned with the siege in western Europe, the battle in East Prussia, and the bombardment of the forts in the Dardanelles. These operations, it is true, may settle the war, but its lasting effect upon society will be determined rather by the forces which made the war inevitable and their development and organization during

"Sons and Lovers"

MR. D. H. Lawrence finds himself in agreement with other writers in one important respect. He, too, like the vast majority of fictionists of all time, looks upon the successful mating of his characters as the fundamental problem of his story. And however much we may sometimes tire of the conventional "and they lived happily ever after," we must admit that novelists are right in focusing attention upon this point. Whether for good or evil, almost every mature fantasy about life probably has an erotic core, so that we are hardly capable of thinking it through without including a marriage idyl by means of which we unconsciously strive to recall that secure haven of love which we dimly associate with our childhood. The melodramatic novelist naïvely looks upon all obstacles to mating as coming entirely from without. More mature writers realize subtler difficulties and put their emphasis almost entirely upon the inner conflicts, but they usually manage to end with a successful mating.

That is just what Mr. Lawrence never really succeeds in doing. With him the inner conflicts, instead of being gradually resolved, luxuriate to inordinate proportions until in the end they prove too much both for the author and his characters. Not that all mating is excluded from his pages. But when marriage does finally overtake some of his characters it usually comes as a kind of dismissal from our attention, or with just that novelistic conventionality to which readers rightly object. The whole creative warmth of the author is automatically withdrawn, and these superficially successful matings, so evidently punished by Mr. Lawrence's neglect, inevitably leave us cold. To the matings which he has most at heart he invariably opposes insuperable obstacles.

Both "The Trespasser" and "The White Peacock" are early studies in mis-mating. These novels already foreshadow the born stylist and reveal Mr. Lawrence as a writer of puzzling importance. But the mis-matings they portray remain obscurely motivated and therefore seem arbitrary; the psychological justification is often inadequate or obscure. We do not understand them, and hesitate to accept them. The same criticism applies to Mr. Lawrence's play, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd." We see that Mrs. Holroyd hates her husband, but we do not see so clearly why her love for him has died, drunkard though he is. For the author, in spite of himself, has made him lovable notwithstanding his vices, so that his death comes as a sorrow and a rebuke to his wife. The play is more powerful than the novels if only because a

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"Sons and Lovers" marks an astonishing change in its author. If this slow-moving, profound, almost too inevitable study leaves the fascinated reader disturbed and exhausted, it is surely no less exhaustive of the author's true inwardness. Here Mr. Lawrence has found the very core of himself; here he has dipped deep into his own childhood, setting down all that he ever knew or felt. We notice a sudden exquisite refinement of psychological texture, a new, painstaking reverence for the most subtle and intangible details of motivation. The problem of mis-mating is no longer studied in an already established marital relation; here it is not a matter of mis-mating at all but of a radical inability to mate. This inability Mr. Lawrence seeks to explain entirely in terms of his hero's emotional relation to his parents.

That is the really new and contributive thing about "Sons and Lovers." Paul Morel's childhood unfolds in the vitiated atmosphere of an already unhappy marriage. In the married life of the Morels Mr. Lawrence for the first time gives us a mis-mating which both he and we thoroughly understand. The marriage of this drunken, bullying, morally weak-fibered miner to a woman of superior breeding and a stern, sensitive, puritanically unsensuous temperament, was foredoomed to failure. Her hatred and aversion for him is absorbed by her child almost from the cradle, so that at the age of six Paul prays that his father may be killed. Cut off from companionship with his father—and there can be no doubt that a child learns to love the father largely through imitating its mother—Paul abnormally concentrates all his affection upon one parent.

Under the strain of these relations the boy develops a premature emotional maturity. His childish heart is torn between anguish for his abused mother and a scarcely repressed hatred for his brutal father. Mrs. Morel, her affection for her husband completely atrophied, now turns altogether to her son and deliberately courts his allegiance. He becomes her confidant and her consoler, a quiet, worldly-wise child whose natural initiative is gradually deadened by the burden of this unequal responsibility, while at the same time the too great absorption in his mother effeminizes him. At a time when most children already display the first poetic tentatives of the mating impulse in ideal comradeships with playmates of the opposite sex, Paul dreams only of running away with his mother and living alone with her for the rest of his life.

By the time Paul reaches adolescence the distortion is already complete. He finds himself at her fills him only with unhappiness and a strange, paralyzing sense of death. The author now boldly underlines the mutual infatuation of mother and son. A jealous conflict, in which Paul is the helpless pawn, ensues between the two women. Paul gradually becomes persuaded of the unreality of his and Miriam's feelings, and returns to his exultant mother with the tragic conviction that while she is alive no other woman can have place in his affections. There is a final flaring up of his mating impulse towards Clara Dawes, a married woman of strong, sensuous appeal. While under her influence he returns to Miriam and finally possesses both women, hovering for a time between what are for him the sacred and profane loves of his life. His consciousness that with Clara he is merely indulging in a temporary liaison with a married woman makes it easier for him to give himself to her. But in the end Mrs. Morel triumphs again and brings Paul to her death-bed, a confessed and repentant lover. Her death, now desired and even criminally hastened by him as an emancipation from an intolerable situation, makes her triumph only the more complete and leaves Paul standing before us a helpless, tragic, pathetically childish figure. In a final unforgettable chapter Mr. Lawrence pictures him as a human derelict set adrift, with the great nostalgia for death in his heart, and living merely in the memory of a relation which, hallowed only in childhood, has grown utterly ruinous in its perpetuations.

No summary can convey the pathos of "Sons and Lovers." With all its power and its passion, it remains to a certain extent incomprehensible. We may, for the moment, accept it intuitively. But we hesitate to accept it in its implications. The very idea that an excess of mother love should prove so disastrous to an individual's fate seems monstrous. Instinctively we look upon this as an exceptional case, and fortify ourselves against it by calling the book morbid or perverse. Mr. Lawrence himself has not come to our aid with any supplementary theory, nor, fortunately, does he weaken the natural eloquence of his artistry by any attempt to generalize.

How deeply felt, how little reasoned, the reaction has been with him may be gathered from a reading of his "Love Poems." These astonishingly self-revealing lyrics repeat, with almost monotonous regularity, Paul's most intimate psychic conflicts. And it would not be at all difficult, going back now, to show that the earlier novels and the play are also, in their essence, nothing more than unclarified and fragmentary expressions of the same personal experience before Mr. Law-

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a memorable artist. Hatred of the father and too much love of the mother are the *leit-motifs* of everything this author has written.

In order to understand Mr. Lawrence fully we must go beyond his works. Fiction is at best a specialized and limited way of conveying the truth. A novel based upon the truth of the evolutionary theory, poetically visioned by the author at a time when that theory was not yet a part of general knowledge, would, despite all artistic merit, leave a certain margin of incredulity until, let us say, Huxley's lectures had made evolution a household term. In precisely the same way our completer understanding of "Sons and Lovers" depends upon our knowledge of a theory. For without the Freudian psycho-sexual theories "Sons and Lovers" remains an enigma; with it we see that artist and scientist supplement each other, that each in his own way attests to the same truth.

The methods necessarily differ. Where Mr. Lawrence particularizes so passionately Freud generalizes. Freud has proved beyond cavil that the parental influence regularly determines the mating impulse. The child's attachment to the parent of opposite sex becomes the prototype of all later love relations. The feeling is so strong and even fraught with such intense jealousy of the parent of the same sex, that all children seem to entertain conscious and unconscious fantasies in which the rival parent is either killed or removed. In the normal development this first infatuation is gradually obliterated from memory by widening associations and by transference, but the unconscious impress remains, so that every man tends to choose for his mate a woman who has associative connections for him with the early infantile image of his mother, while the woman also makes her choice in relation to her father. As soon as there is any disturbance of the balanced influence of both parents upon the child there follows an abnormal concentration upon the beloved parent. To such distortion of the normal erotic development Freud attaches the greatest importance, seeing in it the major cause of all neurotic disturbances.

Of this "Sons and Lovers" is an eloquent example. A distortion so great that it precludes all mating is not only prejudicial to the individual's true happiness but may lead to an atrophy of all initiative. Paul constantly associates the feeling of death with his inability to mate, and that too is psychologically sound. We recognize the Paul in us. For though we may dislike a happy ending in our novel, we cannot but prefer it in our lives.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

The Fight for the Carpathians

THE simplest fashion to illustrate the passes of the Carpathians, for the control of which Austria and Russia are fighting the most desperate struggle of the war, is to use the figure of the hand. Lay the four fingers on the table, and theoretically they are pointing south, that is, from Galicia toward Hungary. The forefinger will then represent the Dukla Pass, the middle finger the Lupkow, the third finger the Usok and the little finger the Verecke. Through the Dukla Pass goes the best highway from Hungary to Galicia, through the Lupkow the railroad from Budapest to Przemysl, through the Usok a light railway connecting Budapest with Lemberg, and through the Verecke the main trunk line from the Hungarian to the Galician capital.

Of the four passes the Dukla is the lowest, its highest point is less than 1,700 feet above sea level; the Verecke, the highest, is less than 3,000. The mountains through which they lead are under 6,000 feet. On the Galician side the passes lead from the headwaters of the San, the Stryj and the Dneister; in the Hungarian territory they meet and one following a national highway, the Russians From the crest of the mountains to the Hungarian plain at the foot of the passes is something over twenty miles. The plain itself is above a hundred miles wide, and runs north and south from the Carpathians to the Danube and opens west toward Budapest.

At the time these lines are written the Russians have passed the summit of the Dukla and have reached Bartfeld in Hungary, the terminus of a railroad leading south through the large city of Kassa, fifty miles distant, to Budapest, which is 210 miles from the Russian advance guard. East of Bartfeld the Russians are across the Lupkow and occupy Meze Laborze, which is on the Hungarian side of the mountains. Further to the east they seem still to be north of the crests but advancing. Such is the nature of the country that the continued advance from the Dukla will uncover the rear of all the other passes, and unless the Russians are presently checked here, Austrian retirement from all passes will be inevitable.

In four columns, then, three following railroads

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but there are certain perfectly clearly defined consequences of such a success which can be set forth. An examination of these, too, demonstrates why the battle of the Carpathians is not only one of the most important in the present war but may prove a decisive battle in Austrian history.

First of all, Russian success in the passes will enable the Czar to deploy his hosts on the Hungarian Plain on a front of at least a hundred miles, with no other obstacle between them and the Magyar capital than the Theiss river, which twice crosses the Russian road. More than this, it will enable the Czar to loose his Cossack hordes to sweep over the great granary of Austria, carrying destruction on all sides and ending all chance of a successful harvest in the districts upon which Austria as well as Hungary is now depending for her food supply.

Given control of the railroads and the passes behind them, the Russian foothold in Hungary can hardly be shaken. The lines may be checked, the advance thrown back at various points, but the wall of the Carpathians will promptly be fortified. Over these passes, too, in ever increasing numbers the Cossacks, the Turcoman and the other irregular Russian cavalry which has so far found little to do in the struggle against the German masses and the Austrian mountain positions, will flow steadily.

Russian success at the Carpathian passes would necessarily compel the abandonment of the Austrian campaign in Bukovina, the evacuation of that crownland and the ultimate relinquishment of Transylvania. This would follow the seizure by the Russians of the railroad crossing the Carpathians from the upper Theiss to the Pruth by the Delatyn Pass to the east of the Verecke Pass. This railroad would be at the mercy of the Russian invaders when they had pressed their advance only a few miles west and south of the point where the Budapest-Lemberg railroad enters the Hungarian Plain at Munkacs. It is by this railroad that the Austro-German army now operating south of Stanislau and Halisz was sent into Bukovina and is supplied.

Such an evacuation of Bukovina would be followed by a new Russian invasion, which would overflow into Transylvania by the Borgo Pass and once more incite Rumanians to action. Such a retreat, too, would mean a final surrender of Bukovina as well as eastern Galicia, because it would give Russia control of all the railroads leading from Hungary to the Austrian provinces.

But the effect of the Russian victory would not end with the evacuation of Bukovina and eastern Galicia. At the present time several hundred thou-

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Poland. The retreat of those troops would be a signal for a new Russian advance, but the advance would be toward Cracow and Silesia. These Austrian troops are covering the frontiers of Germany, not Austria, hence a successful push into Hungary by the Russians would inevitably compel the recall of these troops to defend the Hungarian capital.

Upon Germany would then fall the whole burden of defending her frontier from the Vistula at Cracow to the Baltic. Far too little credit has been allowed the Austrians for what they have accomplished for their allies here, but the usefulness of their service would be disclosed once they were recalled. With their withdrawal it is not too much to forecast that the whole German line would be drawn back to the Wartha, Lodz and the Bzura-Rawa front abandoned, and the fruits of the winter campaign surrendered.

In a word, the collapse of the whole Austro-German offensive in Poland, of all Austro-German offensives in the east, would probably follow a decisive victory of the Russians in the Carpathians, which could be followed by an invasion of Hungary, an invasion in such force as to endanger Budapest. The German campaign in Suwalki, the Austro-German campaign in Bukovina, would have to be abandoned to the insistent demand from Budapest for men and for artillery to defend the fields of the Magyar kingdom, the wheat fields so valuable to the two kaisers in the coming harvest.

As to the political consequences, some of them at least can hardly be questioned. Rumania would be face to face with the last chance to occupy Transylvania and claim Bukovina. Hungary, threatened with annihilation, would be driven to make that separate peace so frequently forecast, particularly if spring should give King Peter's Servian armies sufficient new life to push north of the Danube to join the Russian invaders. Italy, perceiving the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, would also find her hand forced or her profit made sufficiently certain and cheap to tempt her to action.

Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, all the belligerent capitals have perceived the meaning of the present conflict. The conflict at the Dardanelles has lost the world stage to the battle of the Carpathians, because in human history the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy seems a larger thing than the final exit of the Turk from Europe, and the fate of Austria is patently at stake. After the fall of Antwerp Germany made one final effort to retrieve the defeat at the Marne and "dispose of France." Russian strategy after

is complete, and on the outcome it is hardly too much to say the destiny, perhaps the existence, of a great power depends.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Really Public Schools

CHARACTERISTIC of the "public sense" of the Gary schools is the class in history and geography, which I found at work getting an imaginative background of the larger social world. To the news-board in the hall they brought clippings that seemed important. The history room was smothered in maps and charts, most of them made by the children themselves. There was a great red Indiana ballot, a chart of the State Senate, a diagram of State administration, a table showing the evolution of American political parties, war-maps and pictures. The place was a workship, with broad tables for map drawings, and a fine spread of magazines and papers. "Laboratory" work in history, tried so timorously in some of our most daring colleges, was in full swing in a Gary high school class.

When I visited the room the class was concerning itself with reports on "The city as a healthful place to live in," with special emphasis on parks, because the town had been waging its campaign for the new water-front park. Little outlines on Greek and Roman cities, mediaeval and modern cities, had been worked up in the school library—bountifully equipped as a branch of the city public library. I had walked into a true course on town-planning, at once the most fascinating and significant of current social interests and the study that packs into itself more historical, sociological and geographical stimulation than almost any I know. A class that had gone through those reports would have the materials for exactly the social background that our current imaginations need; and, moreover, all those materials would be firmly placed in the community setting.

There is a charming communal self-consciousness about Gary, and this sort of history is the thing that feeds it. One class had been working on a comparison of Athenian and Spartan education with Gary education. This struck me as peculiarly delightful. Such social introspection we rather badly lack in America, yet it is the only soil in which intellectual virtue can ever grow. The ancient history class has for its purpose: "to improve its members as American citizens by a study of the experiences of the ancient peoples." This class, after some classroom turbulence, formed a voluntary society which is duly opened and conducted leisurely fashion outside. I know of no more admirable reason for historical study than this phrase, the natural expression of the Gary child who wrote the constitution for this class.

They do not seem to know whether they are studying "Civics" or not. They are too busy soaking in from real events a familiarity with history as it is lived and the community as it works. I throw in here an advertisement for the *Literary Digest* and the *Independent*, which the pupils regularly read. They study history backward, so that it explains what is happening to-day. They repeatedly dramatize remote times. They are talking of co-operating with the State historical pageant. It seemed to me that these children were actually learning their social world in the spontaneous, natural way that the intelligent child learns it from newspapers and books and from the slow, unconscious widening of horizon for which he must usually look quite outside the school.

If other community institutions have anything educational to offer outside the school, or if parents and children think they have, Mr. Wirt's school lets the children go to these out of their auditorium or play hour. The churches may have them for religious instruction—there is no Bible-reading or prayer in the Gary schools—and thus avoid the imagined necessity for a special kind of church day-school. Already a Polish parochial school in Gary has lost its reason for being and vanished. Y.M.C.A.'s, neighborhood houses, special music-teachers, etc., may also act as extensions of the school. It will be interesting to see how successfully some of these institutions which purport to form the child's morals and care for his soul's destiny prove their supplementary value, and how far they are not simply having joyfully extended to them a long rope by which they may hang themselves.

To Mr. Wirt the school is not more a community than the community is a school. He believes that parks and playgrounds should follow the schools, and in Gary he demands twenty acres for every school plant. He does not rely upon public playgrounds, to which, as experience shows, only a proportion of children can be enticed from the streets, but his playground is a part of the school on equal terms with the other activities. Otherwise these very expensive grounds which cities are providing are apt to be futile. Mr. Wirt's policy is to make it as easy as possible for the community to use the schools. He does not force people to the opportunities, but he puts them where people cannot easily evade them. He does not drive children to the public library, but he has a branch put in each school. The Gary schools are open

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law—protector from tyranny—forbids more than ten months of school a year, but allows vacation schools. Sunday sees popular lectures. The Gary schools seem almost as public as the streets.

If the school is to be not only a community embryonic of current society but also a school-community of itself, it must have some forum or theatre where everything that is peculiarly interesting in any part of the school may be brought dramatically to the attention of the rest of the school. This Mr. Wirt provides in the auditorium hour, so drearily used in the ordinary school for religious exercises, "speaking pieces," and moral homilies. In Gary every child goes to "auditorium" for an hour each day, but he listens there to talks by the special teachers about their work, lantern-lectures and dramatic dialogues written by the children themselves from their history or literature work. There may be moving-pictures, instrumental music, gymnastic exhibitions. The initiative and responsibility are left to the teachers. There seems to be no limit to the interest and the possibility of what may go on in this free little secular theater except what the imagination of teachers and children can suggest. There is always singing, and of a most excellent tone. "Auditorium" is one of Mr. Wirt's novel ideas. It seems to make unreal the old categories of "entertainment" and "edification," just as the rest of the school seems to damage the conceptions of "work" and "play." There was a pleasant informality about things, with the girls sewing at the back of the theatre, and the young audience breaking into whistling as they marched out to the music of the piano. "Auditorium" ought to be quite as important as Mr. Wirt thinks it is. What school-work might become, lived always in the possible light of its intelligent presentation to the school audience in dramatic form, we do not know, because educators have never been dramatists. The Gary schools have special teachers for expression, but the American spirit is in many ways so inexpressive that the idea can thus far be only a frank and delightful experiment.

I liked particularly in the "auditoriums" I visited the intermingling of children of all ages. This is one of the many ways by which the Gary school breaks down the snobbery of age which causes so much unhappiness in childhood, and fixes the adult mind with so many delusions. I came across a significant editorial in the Emerson School paper which showed me how useful this intermingling was in smashing caste lines that were already forming. The editor acknowledged that the expected objectionableness of the "youngsters" sophisticating minds of high-school children.

I mention this because it is typical of Mr. Wirt's genius to obliterate artificial lines and avoid mechanical groupings. His ideal school is one like the Emerson in Gary, a complete school, from kindergarten to college, in the same building, with all the varied facilities used by all classes. The grading is of the utmost flexibility. The traditional twelve grades are followed, but classes work in "rapid," "average," or "slow" groups, according as the various children give promise of completing the State-prescribed curriculum in ten, twelve or fourteen years. The child may pass from group to group or from grade to grade at any time on the examination of the supervisor of instruction. The child himself has no sense of being "graded" or even "marked." Report-cards are rather a concession to parents' weaknesses. If the child needs additional help, there is the parallel school, so that he may have a double lesson the same day. And the Saturday school offers another opportunity.

All studying is supposed to be done in school hours. The fearful bogey of "home-work" is laid. In this free interchange of groups the child acquires a sense of individuality. Each has practically an individual schedule of work, for the organization of which the executive principal, who devotes all his time to such matters, is responsible. Except in the youngest classes, the children seem to move about individually to their different rooms and shops. By this drastic carrying down of college methods through the grades Mr. Wirt has exploded another hoary superstition that great masses of children in city schools can only be handled by uniform and machine methods, in a lump. Froebel School in Gary has twenty-five hundred children, most of them very small alien immigrants. Yet the same flexible and free methods are used there, apparently with success. These children, because of the immensely varied equipment, and the possibility of small classes in the shops, are getting something resembling individual instruction. I picked up at random the card of an older girl at Emerson. It read: "Printing, History, Gymnasium, French, Music, Botany, Auditorium, English." The very shock of that bold "Printing" gives you a realization of the modern school you are in. And this is a girl besides.

Now a program like this, and all this free election and flexibility, would seem wilful and anarchical were it not for the fact that in the Gary school these schedules are the result of a natural and very careful process of selection, made by the child. What the child shall study, outside of the

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a beautiful building with laboratories and studios, gymnasia and shops, and put your child into its kindergarten or first grade. He runs about the halls. The shops and studios and laboratories are not segregated, but distributed over the building so as to convey the impression that they are equally significant, and to give every child an opportunity of becoming familiar with them. All the rooms have big glass doors or windows. The child's own unaided curiosity makes him look in and wonder about what the older children are doing there. One could see children of all ages peering into the foundry or machine-shop or printery.

When the child has reached the third or fourth grade he has a certain idea of what activity interests him, and he is allowed to go into shop or laboratory as observer or helper to the older child. He watches and asks questions, and the older boy learns by teaching him. If the child finds that the work does not actually interest him he still has the chance to change. When he takes up the work in the higher grades he has served his apprenticeship and is already familiar with the apparatus and the technique. The teacher does not have to break in a new class each year. It is almost a self-perpetuating and self-instructing class. The child has been assimilated to the work as new members in any profession or trade in society are assimilated. When the child is exposed from his earliest years to the various vocational activities, is allowed to come into them just as his curiosity ripens, you have as perfect a "choice of a vocation" as could be imagined. Only this sort of opportunity can really be called "vocational training." The usual vocational school work takes the child too late, when his curiosity is likely to be dulled; it puts him into the work without any previous familiarity. It can scarcely be anything but drudgery. If "capacities are to be developed," Mr. Wirt's scheme gives the surest means of developing them. It solves the grave problems of "vocational" and "pre-vocational" training, which are so sorely vexing the professional educational world, a large part of whose business in life seems to be to create and have problems.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

A COMMUNICATION

Understanding Foreign Relations

SIR: The "democratization of foreign policy" is a cry frequently heard to-day. We need not go into the vexed question of what precise kind of democratic control is desirable in international affairs. What is undoubted is the general feeling that foreign policy has not been an adequate expression of national consciousness, and the keen desire that in the future the conduct of foreign affairs shall bear the imprint of all that is best in each nation.

Whatever else is necessary for the accomplishment of this end, we are agreed that one thing is essential—namely, knowledge. If the national consciousness is to be expressed in foreign affairs, the nation must be conscious of foreign affairs. The masses must know the facts of international relations and must train themselves to appreciate the significance of those facts. Statesmen in the past have led their people in questions of foreign policy by the invention of vivid phrases, and the people worship those phrases to the third and fourth generation. Until phrase-worship has given place to knowledge, until statesmen can speak publicly in terms of fact without inflaming popular passions bred on half-knowledge and catchwords, all dreams of "democratic control" will be in vain. If democracy is to teach the chancelleries its ideals, it must first learn from them their patience and their knowledge.

Now, knowledge of international affairs is no closed book, locked away in the diplomatists' safe. Its essentials are fully at the disposal of the historian and the publicist. The education of a nation is a gigantic task, but it is the locks of strong-boxes which are probably nearly empty. In this as in other things the words of a great American judge are true. "Education in the obvious is of more importance than investigation into the obscure."

It is here that the only real danger of friction between Great Britain and the United States lies. Knowledge of facts and the sobriety which knowledge brings are as much lacking and as much needed in England as in America, but let us confine ourselves for the moment to America. The NEW REPUBLIC has, ever since its original appearance, obviously stood for that reasoned and sober study of international affairs which, as we have already said, is the one essential to a sound foreign policy. But has even THE NEW REPUBLIC lived up to its task in discussing the recent relations between Great Britain and the United States? Let it be clearly understood that no Englishman wants more favorable or more sympathetic comment from the American press than it has given in the past; this article is in no sense an appeal for sympathy or for assistance. The question simply is, whether recent international questions have been discussed with knowledge or on the basis of unconscious and unverified assumptions.

The discussion has largely been conducted in terms of phrases, such as "neutrality" and "international law." Real facts and real ideals lie behind those phrases, but constant repetition tends to move the phrase further and further away from the reality. To take one instance. In all the discussions on the contraband question international law has been freely appealed to, but practically no mention has been made of, and again and again arguments have

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We are not now discussing the rights and wrongs of the contraband question, but those rights and wrongs cannot be considered without a survey of the international conventions on which the European system rests.

Frankly, Americans should remember that the representatives of their press abroad are constantly impressing upon foreigners that there is no use *discussing* questions of policy with the American people; that "American sympathy must be gained" by pictorial interviews with leading foreign statesmen, by vivid and "snappy" representations of the life of the nations at war, by "playing up" the dramatic side of public calamities. Those who know the United States know that this is not true; and even if it were true, it is to be hoped that Englishmen would have enough honor and enough honesty not to fish for momentary sympathy with such questionable tackle. But it must be confessed that, as a general rule, the treatment of the published diplomatic correspondence between London and Washington in the chief organs of American opinion has not been encouraging. No nation has ever had so much material placed before it for a judgment of current issues, and perhaps on the whole no nation has ever examined that material with so little care. It is a dull task, but it is a necessary one if the "democratization of foreign policy" is ever to become more than a doubtful phrase—more than an incentive to curiosity.

Exactly the same thing may be said of English opinion, and no Englishman will for a moment complain if Americans say it. Comments have recently been made in the United States on the "unpopularity" of Americans in London. That "unpopularity" is really a fiction. Windy discussion has bred the same kind of impatience in private comments by uninformed people on current issues as that from which Englishmen in America have long had to suffer in the past, though less and less as time goes on, whenever relations with England or English politics were under discussion. But if Americans begin to look upon their position in this war as one of self-imposed and painful isolation amongst the warring factions of Europe who will not hear reason and cannot appreciate neutrality, they will be creating a fiction and a phrase which will not only cloud vision now, but will live to compromise the future. Let one thing be clearly understood. Americans have nursed our sick and wounded; have run errands for us over all Europe and half Asia; have looked after our prisoners of war in Germany and organized the provisioning of the population of Belgium. Americans will probably never know the gratitude they have earned by this, for it is usually only the irresponsible Englishman who talks. But they will be able, if they are wise, to trace it in the position they have now assumed and will in the future occupy in Europe, and they will miss the meaning of recent history if they build up a tradition of neutrality in terms of isolation.

What Americans are doing in Europe now is made possible not merely by the alert humanity which they share with other nations, but by the practical ability which they have made peculiarly their own. There is no danger to America in present international relations if Americans show the same practical ability in the judging of political issues on paper that they show in the organization of democracy—that cause which, in itself, has to be translated from an ambiguous phrase into a narrow consideration of the most complex and difficult facts.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Censoring Motion Pictures

SIR: At your request, we send you the following statement on "The Birth of a Nation":

The picture "The Birth of a Nation" was made in the West and brought to New York for submission to the National Board of Censorship on January twentieth. The National Board consists of a Censoring Committee of one hundred and twenty-five members, and a General Committee, which is the Board's governing body formulating its standards and policies and acting as a supreme court of appeal. The Censoring Committee is divided into small committees, which meet one morning or afternoon in the week for the purpose of reviewing pictures. If the Censoring Committee disagrees on whether a picture should be passed or not, or the producer of the picture takes exception to the Committee's decision, the picture is referred to the General Committee for final action.

In addition to the regular meetings of the Censoring Committee, there are frequent extra meetings for reviewing pictures that have to be shown in special places under special circumstances. "The Birth of a Nation," because of its length and the difficulties of presenting it, required an extra meeting of this kind, and a notice was sent to some twenty members of the Censoring Committee to review it. Ten members were present, and after seeing and discussing the picture, these members voted unanimously to pass the picture without change. Later, at the direction of Mr. Frederic C. Howe, chairman of the Board, the picture was reviewed by the General Committee. This committee decided that the second part of the picture should not be passed unless certain changes were made in it, and the producing company was notified of this decision and told that if they were willing to meet the demands of the Board, they could re-submit the picture for final action. The producers at once agreed, the eliminations and modifications were made, and the picture was again shown to the General Committee for final decision. At this meeting two additional modifications were requested, which the Epoch Producing Corporation, owners of the picture, agreed to make, and it was voted that the picture be passed. The recorded vote was fifteen in favor of passing the picture to eight opposed.

The only thing the National Board or any board of censorship could consider in regard to a motion picture is whether or not the picture is objectionable from the standpoint of public morals. On this consideration are based all the laws regulating public exhibition and the circulation of printed matter. In reviewing "The Birth of a Nation" the Board had to face the question of whether it could follow a standard of censorship much more rigid than the standards already established for the press and the theatre. In so far as a more rigid standard was demanded by regard for the effect on public morals, it was adopted, and by that standard the picture was judged and the changes made. The courts are open for anyone who contends that the Board's standard was not fair

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backed by the courts or upheld by public opinion. The following facts are an indication of how much public opinion and legal bodies are in accord with the board regarding "The Birth of a Nation." The State Board of Censorship of Pennsylvania passed the picture with one minor change. The Municipal Board of Censorship of Chicago passed the picture without any change. The Legal Boards of Los Angeles and San Francisco also passed the picture, and in Los Angeles, where an attempt was made to prohibit the picture's public presentation, the Board of Censorship was upheld by the court. A representative of the Board now in the West, where the picture has been running for seven weeks, made an investigation of the effect upon local audiences, and his report states that the photo-play has met with public approval as being a spectacular production, valuable for its presentation of historical facts. Also a ballot was distributed in a Los Angeles theatre asking for an expression of opinion on the picture, and it resulted in over 2,500 favorable comments and twenty-three comments that were adverse.

The National Board tries to represent public opinion throughout the country. In so far as public opinion has had a chance to express itself on "The Birth of a Nation," the National Board has been uniformly upheld. Spasmodic individual protests and protests of societies having special objects to further are not to be considered as representative of any wide public opinion.

Whether a picture-play is historically accurate or not does not concern the Board. It is specifically stated in the Board's printed standards that "The National Board does not regard itself as a censor of accuracy unless the inaccuracy in question is of a kind that will result in some concrete disaster to the person whom the inaccuracy misleads." Any historical inaccuracy in "The Birth of a Nation" can hardly result in leading any individuals into any concrete disaster. That the picture places its dramatic emphasis in such a way that sympathies are aroused for one set of characters and against another is outside the Board's province of control. If the picture tends to aggravate serious social questions and should therefore be wholly forbidden, that is a matter for the action of those who act on similar tendencies when they are expressed in books, newspapers, or on the stage. On what basis of reasoning should a film play be suppressed whose subject matter has already been allowed the freest circulation both in a novel and in a play?

NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP.
W. D. McGuire, Jr., Ex.-Secretary.

As to British Sea Supremacy

SIR: You have at last given, in your current issue, an editorial statement of the ground on which rests your attitude in the present war. This statement resolves itself into two assumptions: first, that you would regard any impairment of British naval supremacy as unfortunate for the welfare of the world, and, second, that America needs the "protection" of the British sea power.

As to the benefits conferred by British naval supremacy, it is an historic fact that the constant endeavors of Germany, which date from the time of Frederick the Great's treaty with America, and of America, on behalf of the neutralization of the seas, have always been defeated by Great Britain.

No world peace is possible until trade routes are neutralized, not the right of small nations to exist, but the freedom of the main roads of commercial intercourse.

You imply that victory for Britain would leave matters, as far as America is concerned, very much where they were before the war. You seem unaware that that victory would mean the elimination for many years of the only powerful European defender of the freedom of the sea.

One clear line of fundamental purpose lies through all the centuries of British expansion. She has never, in all the varying conditions of nearly five hundred years, deviated from this line: the conquest and domination of the keys of all the important maritime trade routes.

There is only one route left, which is destined to become the greatest of all, offering stupendous rewards to its master. It is the Panama Canal. Only deliberate ignorance of history, or that odd, short-circuited mentality of the Whig type of mind, which is again renascent in some of the younger British political weeklies—only complete insensibility of fundamental historic forces can be blind to the inevitable sequel to British victory: the British conquest of the Panama Canal, by which would be consummated the absolute and final rule of Britain over the earth. With that consummation America indeed would again be, as it was before the Declaration of Independence, but with no hope of self-recovery, under the "protection" of Britain.

MARTIN SCHÜTZE.

Chicago.

Press-Agent Publicity

SIR: Mr. Francis Hackett, in his article on "Little Theatres" in your issue of March twenty-seventh, makes an excursion into comparative ethics which I find rather puzzling. What, for instance, is the difference between the lawyer who argues his client's case before a jury, and the "press-agent of the big corporations" who does the same thing in print before the larger public which reads the newspapers and the magazines? The jury represents public opinion; the people who read the press-agent's articles *are* public opinion. Both lawyer and press-agent are merely hired pleaders. Why asperse the latter? And why put the emphasis on the big corporations? Is this a reflection of the current notion that all corporations are good when little, but bad when they grow up? My own observation would seem to support, if anything, a contrary view. Is a big corporation to be permitted no defense when attacked in print by persons and interests whose motives are not always above criticism—the mercenary newspaper man, for instance? By such casual generalizations is revealed the facile and uncritical conventionality of the radical mind.

J. H. R.

New York City.

Patient Free Speech

SIR: May I offer my felicitations on your admirable article of March sixth on limiting the family. Its especial excellence lay in the fact that it is extremely difficult to treat of these subjects with the patience and consideration which perhaps alone makes any kind of writing really worth while. We have stepped out of darkness in many allied fields of late, and there is reason to think that some well-directed efforts made now towards removing the miserable gag on freedom of speech in se[illegible]

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The Medicine Men

The Doctor's Dilemma, a tragedy in five acts, by Bernard Shaw. Presented by Granville Barker at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

DURING the present theatrical season Bernard Shaw has been heard in "Pygmalion," "Androcles and the Lion," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "You Never Can Tell," and a host of lesser productions. If there was ever any doubt as to his probable popularity, that doubt is certainly settled. Bernard Shaw is more before the public than any one else, easily the most dominant living playwright in current American production, and while this does not mean that he has done to Shakespeare what Jess Willard did to Jack Johnson, much as it would please him, it means that time has brought about an extraordinary vindication of one who, a few years ago, was as rare in the ordinary theatre as pomegranates on a push-cart. It is worth noting, this change. It is a heartening commentary on the people who used to sneer at Mr. Arnold Daly's and Miss Dorothy Donnelly's pioneer activities not so very long ago.

To accept originality needs a painful readjustment, especially in the theatre. To that readjustment even the nimblest and the vainest playgoers offer resistance. It is only when a playwright enlists the arduous and disinterested championship of tiresome radicals, impassioned and voluntary outcasts, that the resistance is gradually overcome. Now that it is successful, it is really hard to determine why this campaign was necessary in the case of Shaw. But necessary it was, and it would have been ten times as necessary if Shaw had not sugared all his pills.

So far as "The Doctor's Dilemma" is concerned, it suffers invidious comparison with the other plays of Bernard Shaw rather than with anything else in the theatres around it. Running up and down and criss-crossing Broadway, there is nothing by any one else that can be considered in the same hour. Think of it, for instance, in relation to "The Lie." A motor may of course be open to criticism, even though it does go faster than a perambulator; but it is well to begin by remembering it is a motor. "The Doctor's Dilemma" is not incomparable, it is not miraculous, but it belongs to an order of things for which gratitude is a joyous, necessary preliminary.

When it came out in a book, four or five years ago, Mr. Shaw stood for ninety-two pages before his curtain and delivered a most powerful and exhausting harangue on the "murderous absurdities" of the medical profession. As a special exploit, and in its own place, this attack on doctors undoubtedly served the purpose for which it was intended. It is odd, however, how little the pamphlet seems to matter in consideration of the present play. Although it is clear that each of the six doctors in the play concentrates the acutest criticism of which Mr. Shaw is capable, and although this criticism is deliciously penetrating and telling, "The Doctor's Dilemma" is not engrossing in the end as a conspectus of satire on pathology. It was on these well-oiled rollers that the play was wheeled in, but now that it is no longer being expedited into attention, but is a standing exhibit, it has other sources of interest and other excuses for being. If it hadn't, it would be dead.

It is for their rich flavor as human personalities, not as the clattering spokesmen of scalpel or vaccine, that Mr. To argufiers like Bernard Shaw, who behaves as Puck does in the woods and taunts the Lysander of physic into slaying the Demetrius of surgery, the pretensions of medicine are bitterly amusing, but more genuinely amusing, because more commonplace, is the predicament of Mrs. Dubedat and the dilemma of her warring counsellors.

Dubedat, as Mr. Shaw has him, is a tuberculous artist, a creature of divine gifts and all too human failings. At the solicitation of his lovely young wife, Sir Colenso Ridgeon interests himself and his colleagues in the fate of this precious scamp. Beyond good and evil in his own estimation and in the estimation of his wife, Sir Colenso sees him as the blackguard genius who can only be saved at the price of condemning a good man, one Blenkinsop, to death. This is the dilemma. On the artist's side, fine words are spoken not only by himself but by the woman who slavishly adores him. On the side of Blenkinsop, there is all the customary morality of the four specialists. It is an academic, but an intriguing question. Having raised it, however, Mr. Shaw uses it only for the purpose of producing a series of most satisfying situations. It serves him, in the first place, to show how a man like Dubedat may seem absolutely caddish about money and women and yet may be deemed a hero and a king. It serves him, in the next place, to show how a charming and loyal wife may intrigue for the man she loves. It serves him, again, to show how an enamored physician may commit licensed murder for an object he disguises as moral. In the last place, it gives him an adequate excuse for swinging around the central sun of one interesting patient all the medical stars in fashion. That the dilemma should never be really faced, that the specialist who embraces it should decide on the basis of his desire to possess the patient's widow, is part of Mr. Shaw's cynical ingenuity—if not, perhaps, part of an even more cynical philosophy, a philosophy of "the way of all flesh."

If cynical is the word for the philosophy, it is all the more the word for the construction. Preposterous as it is for Mr. Shaw to have the maid at the Richmond inn turn out to be Dubedat's first wife, it is nothing to the bald absurdity of the doctors' devotion to Dubedat. If all the members of the British Cabinet had been necessary to the plot, however, I am sure Mr. Shaw would have assembled them in Dubedat's studio; and in the amusingness of their satirized presence we should have taken them as a matter of course.

As Louis Dubedat, nothing in his life became the airy Mr. Nicholas Hannen so well as the manner of his leaving it. As B. B. said, "he died extremely well, remarkably well." As his wife, Miss Lillah McCarthy lacked that "grace and romance of a wild creature" imagined by Mr. Shaw. Gracious rather than graceful, she stormed the citadel of approval, moreover, in somewhat too frontal a formation. As old Sir Patrick Cullen, Mr. Braham was admirable to observe though his thunder was occasionally muffled. Mr. Heggie converted the oleaginous Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonnington into a most cracklingly amusing fraud, while Mr. Lucy gave an excellent version of the surgeon. As Sir Colenso Mr. Ian Maclaren behaved like a man looking into the muzzle of a particularly inimical camera. He was not at home. As the newspaper man, however, Mr. Ernest Cossart was beautifully ghoulish. The stage settings were attractively simple, and in the last act the Bond Street Picture Galleries suggested that Louis Dubedat was indeed a man of genius, a man worthy of Mr. Shaw's portraiture, Sir Col-

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Ohio in the White House

The Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Nineteenth President of the United States, by Charles Richard Williams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Two vols. $7.50 net.

IN the one hundred and twenty-four years from 1789 to 1913, out of the twenty-two presidents elected and four vice-presidents who became heads of the nation, five were Virginians and six were Ohioans. In the first thirty-six years of the federal republic Virginians repleted the office during thirty-two years; and in the forty-four years from 1861 to 1914, Ohio, but for the assassinations of Garfield and McKinley, would have taken up twenty-eight years of the presidential thread. For the early pre-eminence of Virginia there were good reasons—the prestige of that state as the leading commonwealth and the great national reputation of Washington, Jefferson and Madison. Can similar causes be found for the recent pre-eminence of Ohio as a grower of presidents? Are the public men of the Buckeye State abler, better trained and more famous than those of Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois, each of which has produced but one president, or Kentucky, from which even Henry Clay could not reach the White House?

In his excellent biography of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Mr. Williams throws much light on the selection of the row of three successful Republican candidates from Ohio—Grant, Hayes and Garfield—followed a few years later by McKinley and Taft. He has also placed in a clear and agreeable light a statesman who suffered much from the circumstances of his choice, although he always believed that he had been fairly elected. The nomination of Grant in 1868 can hardly be credited to Ohio; after the death of Lincoln he was the foremost figure in the public mind, and it seemed likely that if the Republicans had foreborne to nominate him the Democrats would have taken him up. Though he "hailed" from Ohio, he was much more identified with Missouri and Illinois. In his second election in 1872, Ohio gave him only fifty-three per cent of its total vote, as against seventy-eight per cent in Vermont and eighty-one per cent in Minnesota. From that day to this Ohio has been close in almost all presidential elections.

Mr. Williams fairly proves his insistence that in 1876 Hayes was a logical and a strong candidate. The first chapters of his work bring out clearly the influences which brought Hayes to the front. He was one of the thousands of Ohio sons of New England parents. His father was a Vermonter. A generous uncle sent him to Kenyon College and subsequently to the Harvard Law School, where he took in the wisdom of Judge Story; heard Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, whom he called "a venerable but deluded old man"; and R. C. Winthrop, M.C., from Boston, who was "a young man of fine attainments, correct taste, and good natural ability"; and he "saw Macready play Hamlet," and "attended a meeting of Unitarians which was conducted a good deal like Methodist class-meetings." A few years later he was one of the fortunate Cincinnatians who listened to Ralph Waldo Emerson who, he says, "talks as he speaks, freely, and in a somewhat quaint way." Throughout his life Hayes was a man of cultivation, fond of good books and the association with men of mark and character. Of the six Ohio presidents, Garfield and Taft have had equally necessarily enlist as a soldier at the beginning of the Civil War; and Hayes' military career, which Mr. Williams has followed with care, is that of a brave man, a faithful soldier, and a far-seeing statesman. His record as colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio, his six wounds, his brevet of major-general, testify to his military abilities and character. The same qualities carried him into Congress, and thence into the governorship of his state, which he held three times. In 1876 he was nominated by the Republican convention at Cincinnati for the presidency.

The biography brings out the fact that he was, by experience and character, as well qualified for that office as most of the presidents between Lincoln and McKinley; yet the reason for turning to him when there was a deadlock between Blaine and the field, is to be found in statistics rather than in politics. The election was bound to be close. Pennsylvania was sure Republican, New York was reasonably sure Democratic, Illinois was relied on as Republican, though close. Ohio was wobbling; and Hayes had three times carried it for the governorship. Personally he was an upright, honorable and statesman-like man, in no way connected with the gang of Republican leaders who had so diminished the prestige of Grant's administration. The result of the election showed that he was probably as good a vote-getter as any man in the party.

Upon the still ticklish question of how 185 votes were eventually counted for Hayes and 184 for Tilden, Mr. Williams throws some light from the private papers of President Hayes. It is clear that Hayes never deviated from the belief that he was honestly elected; and the biographer can see not the slightest reason to doubt the Daniel-come-to-judgment wisdom of the findings of the electoral commission. Nevertheless he cannot blink the fact that Hayes' administration was by this intensely bitter conflict put out of capacity to carry out the reforms in finance and in the civil service which the President had at heart. The genuinely high qualities of the man were obscured by the contest, and by the later ignoble jangles with Congress over the use of the troops in Southern elections.

The same causes that brought about Hayes's nomination operated again in 1880. The Republicans wanted a soldier of the Civil War, a man who had made no violent enemies, and who could carry the states of the Middle West, particularly Ohio, then an "October state." Blaine was undoubtedly the ablest man in the field, but aside from certain assailable weaknesses, he came from a supposedly sure Republican section, which needed no galvanism by a candidate. When the Blaine forces were worn out by the stubborn resistance of the Grant cohort, a leading Ohio statesman, well-known in Congress, was the logical candidate. Thus Garfield was nominated, and by close votes he pulled Ohio and Indiana with him.

The assassination of Garfield left the field clear for Blaine in 1884. In 1888 the Middle Western vote-getter was Harrison, who carried Ohio by a plurality, though he received less than half the total vote; and again in 1892 by a plurality of about 1,000 in a vote of 800,000. McKinley was nominated in 1896 partly to carry Ohio, but quite as much because he was the most conspicuous exponent of the high tariff policy which had now been definitely adopted by the Republican party. This was a great change from 1880 when Garfield, the standard-bearer of the party, was a known low-tariff man who nowadays would be called a rank free-trader. McKinley, however, had other qualifications of great advantage to a candidate

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out of his seat, and he turned the tables by being elected governor—just as Hayes had been twenty years earlier. He had also a personal geniality and magnetism which disarmed some of his enemies. Yet even McKinley got only fifty-two per cent of the vote of Ohio in 1896, and only a half per cent more in 1900.

William H. Taft's nomination in 1908 proceeded not from Ohio, but from Washington, for he had never been elected to a state office; and he polled but fifty-one per cent of the total vote, though he had a handsome plurality. Taft, like Hayes and McKinley, was deeply bedded in his state, visited it and made much of it, but he can hardly be said to have represented an Ohio school of politics.

Hayes was far in advance of that state and of his party, in his desire to reform the federal civil service, and to bury the "bloody shirt." It is a high tribute to the native genius for government among Americans that the series of Ohio presidents from Grant to Taft should have done so well in office, since most of them were nominated for their availability rather than for their distinction as public men. McKinley, supposed by his opponents to be a narrow partisan, showed a broad, statesmanlike policy; he learned from the experience of his first term, and was on the road to leadership of the nation in new directions when he was cut off by the assassin. If Pennsylvania had been as close a state as Ohio, perhaps the nominations would have come from that state, and, judging from the men whom the larger commonwealth delighted to honor, would have furnished a series of presidents far inferior to the group of which Mr. Hayes was a worthy member.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Portraits by Mr. Chapman

Memories and Milestones, by John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.

IN real life Mr. John Jay Chapman looks a little like a brigand who has retired from business, like a gentleman of a school that was always old, and a little like a saint who has taken on weight. Although at first he seems negligent of the social ritual he was brought up in, a second look reveals this negligence as marking, unintentionally, familiarity with the ritual. Plainly a man who does not care to please, you would say, and who does care not to give pain. His are vintage manners, bottled at the chateau.

Mr. Chapman is an abolitionist who cannot hate persons, and who does penance for sins he didn't commit. His penitence drives him, who has done no wrong, to acts of fanatical courage. It took courage to go to Coatesville, a few days before the anniversary of the lynching, to advertise his intention of holding a prayer meeting on the day itself, and to stick to his plan. Something more uncommon than courage went to such a plan's making. Samuel Johnson, standing bareheaded in the rain in Uttoxeter market, would have understood Mr. Chapman's visit to Coatesville. "In contrition I stood," said Johnson, "and I hope the penance was expiatory."

What Mr. Chapman said at Coatesville is set down in this book of "Memories and Milestones," which contains several other grave papers, a talk to the boys of St. Paul's School, an address on the negro question, an address on ethical culture. Nominally they look in various directions, little wizened package lay the great Hebrew mind . . ." —forward to the epoch, now coming over the world, "when the miraculous nature of the world is understood, and mystic sayings become clear as print." In reality these papers, whether backward-looking or forward-looking in intention, read like loyalties to bygone fashions in honor and creed. When Mr. Chapman writes of the future he makes me feel that it happened long ago.

Whether he writes of past, present or future he always makes me wonder why his fame is not wider-spread. If this new book wins the success it deserves it will have lots of readers. It is extremely amusing. Portraits of President Eliot, Julia Ward Howe, Horace Howard Furness, Martin Brimmer, Charles Eliot Norton are here, among others. They are done with humor, insight, kindly malice, they are done in words which reveal easily, casually, the fine imagery in Mr. Chapman's mind, in words colored by the poetical feeling which accounts for so much of him, and with never an ungenerous word. He has a quick eye for the oddities that make a man "a character," he paints these oddities with a loving hand, he doesn't let his interest in them obstruct his view of the man's work in the world. Seldom do you find a portrait painter whose interest in function is so nearly equal to his interest in idiosyncrasy. And you cannot help suspecting, from Mr. Chapman's manner, that he has no idea how good those portraits are.

Mr. Chapman says of William James: "It has sometimes crossed my mind that James wanted to be a poet and an artist, and that there lay in him, beneath the ocean of metaphysics, a lost Atlantis of the fine arts." Of Horace Howard Furness: "A lifelong familiarity with old English stage businesses had given him quite a battery of odd little gestures and tones of voice, which were as natural to him as they were unexpected by every one else." Of Charles Eliot Norton: "Norton . . . fastened himself to the ground by such anchors as he had inherited or had forged for himself. This instinct was part of the strong side of him, and it co-existed . . . with a habit of caviling at his own nation, as if he were some sort of foreign-born *macaroni*. To do this, however, is a human foible to which any man may fall a victim. I had a classmate at college who had never been far from South Boston, and one evening while dancing at the Dorchester Assembly he slipped and fell to the ground. He arose at once with great aplomb, remarking, coldly, 'These cursed American floors.'"

From the papers that deal with Bostonians one gets a most diverting picture of Boston itself. Mr. Chapman knows Boston's roots in history, its little queernesses, its sense of caste, its will to be cultivated. "The great business of Bostonians," he says, "was to place values upon everything in the world, with conscientious accuracy. . . . It was Boston's foible to set metes and bounds to everything: that was the game which we played; but it was a good game, and its players were among the best-hearted people in the world." How exact is his picture of a Bostonian "turning haughty and assuming a look of profaned intimacy." And here, too, while I read Mr. Chapman on Boston, I cannot help feeling that Boston used to be and is not.

Mr. Chapman, as I have said, seems not to know that his portraits are anything out of the ordinary. Nor does he seem to know the difference between his best things and his worst. Ibsen, he writes, "reasoned thus: 'If you want to give emotion to the average playgoer you must take a rusty blade from an old razor, attach it to a brick,

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ing stupider, I suppose, has been said of Ibsen. There are other stupidities in the book, but this is the most enormous.

No wise man, however, wishes Mr. Chapman were more self-critical. If he criticized himself, if he looked his impulses over before acting on them, he would lose some of his unconventionality, and what was left might show traces of design. You remember the court in the chapel at Versailles, as described by La Bruyère? The courtiers turned their backs to the altar, before which the priest was celebrating the sacred mysteries, and lifted their faces toward the King of France. Had Mr. Chapman been one of them he would have turned his back on the King and his face to the altar. His motive wouldn't have been a wish to be unconventional. It would have been a wish to see God.

P. L.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

AS I write about Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, I seem for a moment carried back to a house I knew once, "Calverly's." There they all are, Calverly himself, Lingard, Leffingwell, Clavering, deep in the midst of one of their long silences filled with the blue smoke of pipes. Lingard nurses his knee and laughs softly to himself. Clavering dreams in the legendary past. The big, sombre, restless man is Leffingwell. And Calverly, leaning forward a little on the table, embraces them all with his quick glance, for his heart, like his house, is endlessly hospitable to these men. But I forget—

"We go no more to Calverly's."

I do not know whether the pictures I form of these men of Mr. Robinson's imagination would be recognizable to Mr. Robinson or not. But I do know that he would not care either way. Every one who knows the "Calverly" poems knows each of the four friends better than if he had lived with them. And that is enough to satisfy Mr. Robinson. That is also why I shall venture to apply to the poet a much abused technical term and call him a "symbolist." It is because no other name will fit the process with which, given nothing more than five short poems and a poet's interpretative power, he has wrought the miracle of creating four characters and a house. The process is one which is repeated over and over again in Mr. Robinson's works. Briefly, it consists in suggestion, and the art lies in selecting the items best fitted to carry it. Here, for instance, is Mallarmé's famous definition of symbolism: "to choose an object and out of it to represent a state of soul." But Charles Morice's is even better: "to give people a remembrance of something they have never seen." There could be no more exact description of the effect of Mr. Robinson's poetry.

But here his resemblance to the authentic symbolist ceases. It is a sufficient resemblance to make a reader of his poem, "The Town Down the River," think of such poems as Verhaeren's "Le Passeur d'Eau." There is the same strong suggestion and the same near approach to allegory. But Mr. Robinson is more subtle than Verhaeren, and this excess of subtlety for a symbolist (whose method is already subtle enough) carries him over into what is indeed a method of his own. He symbolizes; that is true. But his symbolism is one degree refined over that of Mallarmé. It is no longer a progress from "object" to "state of soul," but from one state of soul to that soul's complete individuality. Mr. Robinson never leaves the psychological realm. He makes us know Leffingwell, Calverly, Lingard, in the most intimate way possible, that [illegible] limitations, his artistic conscience, his humanity, neither men, even feel as if we had been each of them. But he does this not by describing well chosen actions or some physical feature, but simply and solely by expressing a significant feeling, emotion, or thought.

Take the poem of "Luke Havergal," for instance. There is no action, no story told, there is only the voice of the spirit telling a man who has lost the woman he loves to live out his life in patience for her sake.

"Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal!"

And yet everything in the poem, the dignity of its rhythm, the stubborn repetitions, the idealism, the sound of the name "Luke Havergal" itself, incessantly returning, make the impression of an undefined but unmistakable personality. Thus, though after reading the poem you could not describe Luke Havergal's appearance, you must infallibly recognize him if you saw him. It is the same with many other poems, such as "Charles's Carville's Eyes," or "Cliff Klingenhagen." Commonplace incidents are here for contrast gathered round the unique point, which in each case is what may be called a psychological gesture, expressive of a whole mind; the happiness of Cliff Klingenhagen who smiled over his wormwood, the revelations in Charles Carville's dead eyes, the tears of the butcher, Reuben Bright; all told not for what they are but for what they evoke. Each one of these short poems is a triumph of Mr. Robinson's individual method.

Mr. Robinson shows a fondness for the dramatic monologue ("The Island," "The Night Before," etc.). But here he is very much out of his true sphere. His way is to evoke the whole character from a single trait. This is wonderful when it is done once, but in a long poem or in a play the reader easily becomes surfeited by such a method, and too much power becomes a kind of impotence. In "The Island" the figure of Napoleon is blurred like an over-exposed photograph, and in the play of "Van Zorn" the principal character, for whose exposition the whole play exists, is photographed fifty times over on the same plate. This defect is even more evident in "Captain Craig." We recognize Mr. Robinson a hundred times along the weary road of this interminable poem, where he lies in wait to flash out with revelations of heaven or of the soul. But in the end we recognize nothing but the poet's inability to handle so large and sustained an expression.

Continued action, even psychical action such as is seen in the dramatic monologue, is not what interests Mr. Robinson. He prefers the sudden, unconscious gestures, finished almost as soon as begun, which reveal character in a flash. His genius is punctual and intense. Consequently in his work there is no exposition of contemporary thought, though the minds he portrays are contemporary; no controversy, no didacticism. He reveals; he does not criticize. And his revelation, at the same time that it is complete, is so indirect and oblique that we may say he really never expresses himself, but rather symbolizes himself. We imagine him an intensely human friend, gentle, glad to see us, but, no matter who we are or what we do, never surprised at us, and too really interested ever to be excited; a recluse, but a recluse who has drawn not away from the world, but into its heart; a stranger of few words in the presence of the noise and banality of the day, and a night-prowler, like Nietzsche's Zarathustra, "loving to look into the faces of all sleeping things." It is said that he loves the New Hampshire hills and the faces of people from anywhere. He is always to be found—at Calverly's!

Let us go back, then, and find him there. Probably his

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and our own Hoosier poet divide the field with the literary "freaks" and the little brothers of society. But between the two extremes of sentimentalism and idiocy there is still some ground left where by long labor and devotion such real artists as we have may train a small public to appreciate beauty. Mr. Robinson is one of these artists.

LINCOLN MACVEAGH.

Neighbor-Love

Love of One's Neighbor, by Leonid Andreyev. Authorized translation by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $.35.

IT is easy to imagine that a Russian farce could be rather a grim thing. One does not expect to come upon the author of that terrible masterpiece, "Silence," in the act of writing facetiously. How grim you will find this little one-act satire depends on your Russian background. "Love of One's Neighbor" turns out to be merely the general, genial human interest of a crowd of tourists in a fellow-being who is about to fall in sheer exhaustion from a Swiss mountain ledge upon which he has been caught. Like the saint on the pillar in "Thais," he succeeds in building up a considerable community of trade and social intercourse. Unlike the saint, however—or perhaps, given the mediaeval setting, like him—the end of the play reveals the victim as merely a low form of modern advertising. The chagrin of the populace at his salvation, which spoils their delicious mingling of horror and commiseration and enjoyment of the event, is sardonically amusing, even in America.

The Pennsylvania Dutch

Martha of the Mennonite Country, by Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

IF "Martha of the Mennonite Country" were to be considered simply as a romance, it should be dismissed as conventional. A novelist in search of *genre* and an heiress determined to find a serious career adopt their middle names and come together in the country high school at Adamstown. Mrs. Martin is not so conventional as to make these masqueraders fall in love. It is the shy country girl who attracts the hero, while it is the novelist's illustrator who allures the heiress. But the real virtue of the tale resides in Mrs. Martin's acute and sympathetic version of the Pennsylvania Dutch. It is her kind and knowing intimacy with that unusual American community that gives to her tale the idiosyncrasy so often lacking in American fiction. In spite of its obvious invention, the story is pleasurable because it "is different too again, ain't it is."

Kindly Stories

Neighborhood Stories, by Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

CALLIOPE Marsh rose like a fish to the bait of "community spirit." These stories, told in her own quaint speech, are all of the ingeniously human ways in which she inculcated modern ideals into the politics, religion, charity, of Friendship Village. The neat little moral in each story is not too obtrusive, and one follows with an altruistic glow the spreading of the "social sense" through the old crusted individualisms. The outlines well-known weakness for rapid transformations of character. Very American, too, is this kindly social idealism of Miss Gale's, which stops just short of sentimentality. Her pleasant preface expresses the hope that the village, becoming communally self-conscious, will lead the spiritual way for the America of the future. In her idealized village she has caught many accurate types and many current attitudes. Miss Gale's whole book represents a characteristically American type of mind. One wishes she could be persuaded to turn Calliope's attention, among other things, to the domestic architecture of Wisconsin and the other central states. Having transformed their communal souls, could she not do something for their communal bodies?

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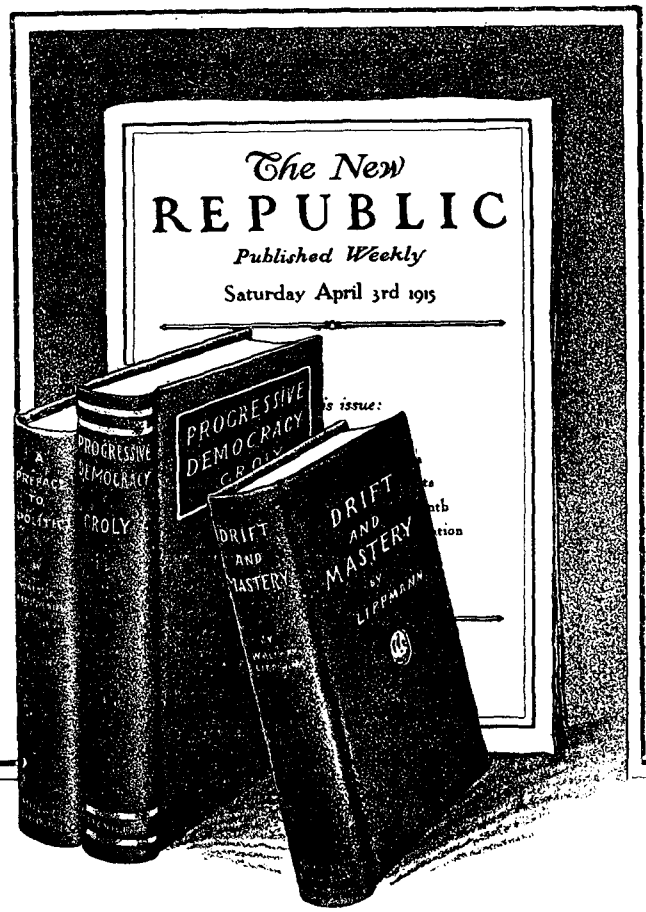

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